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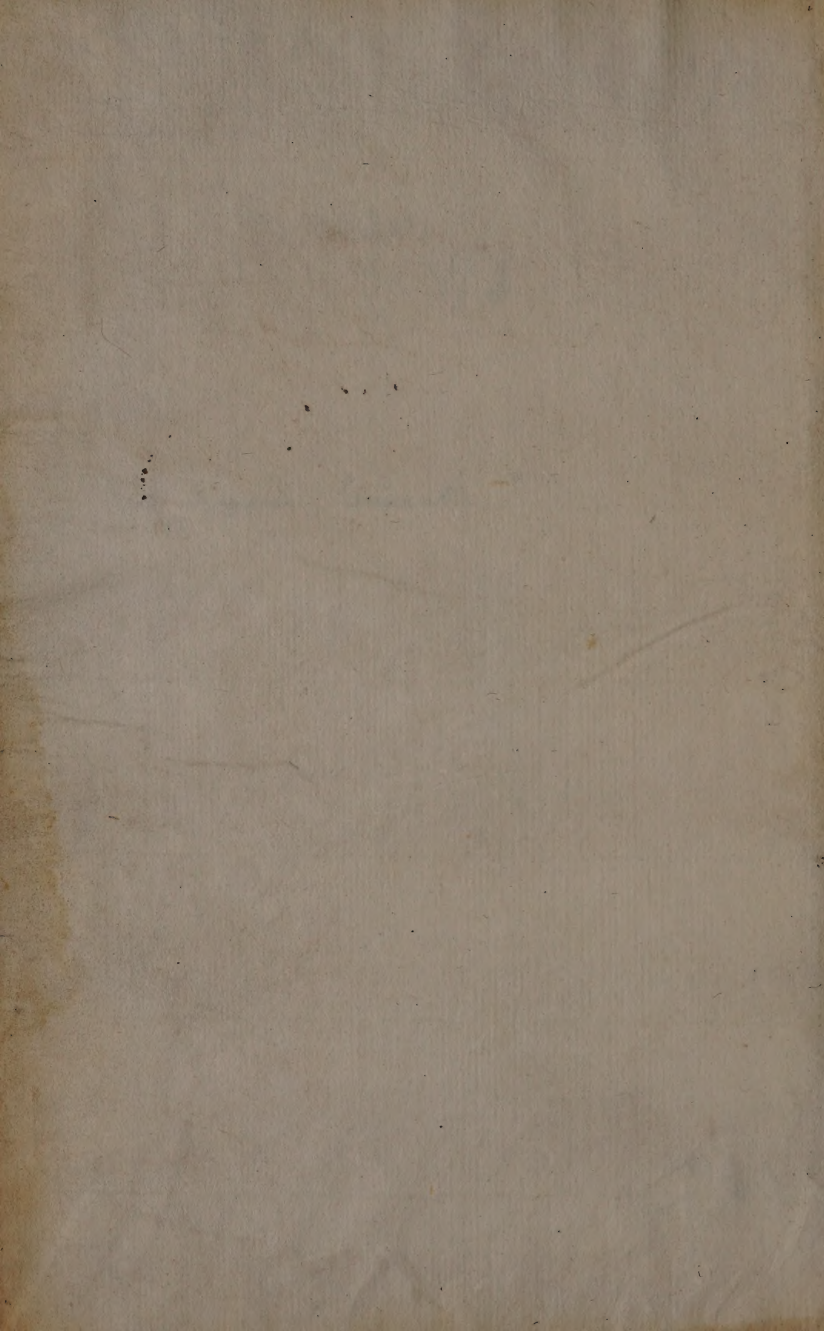
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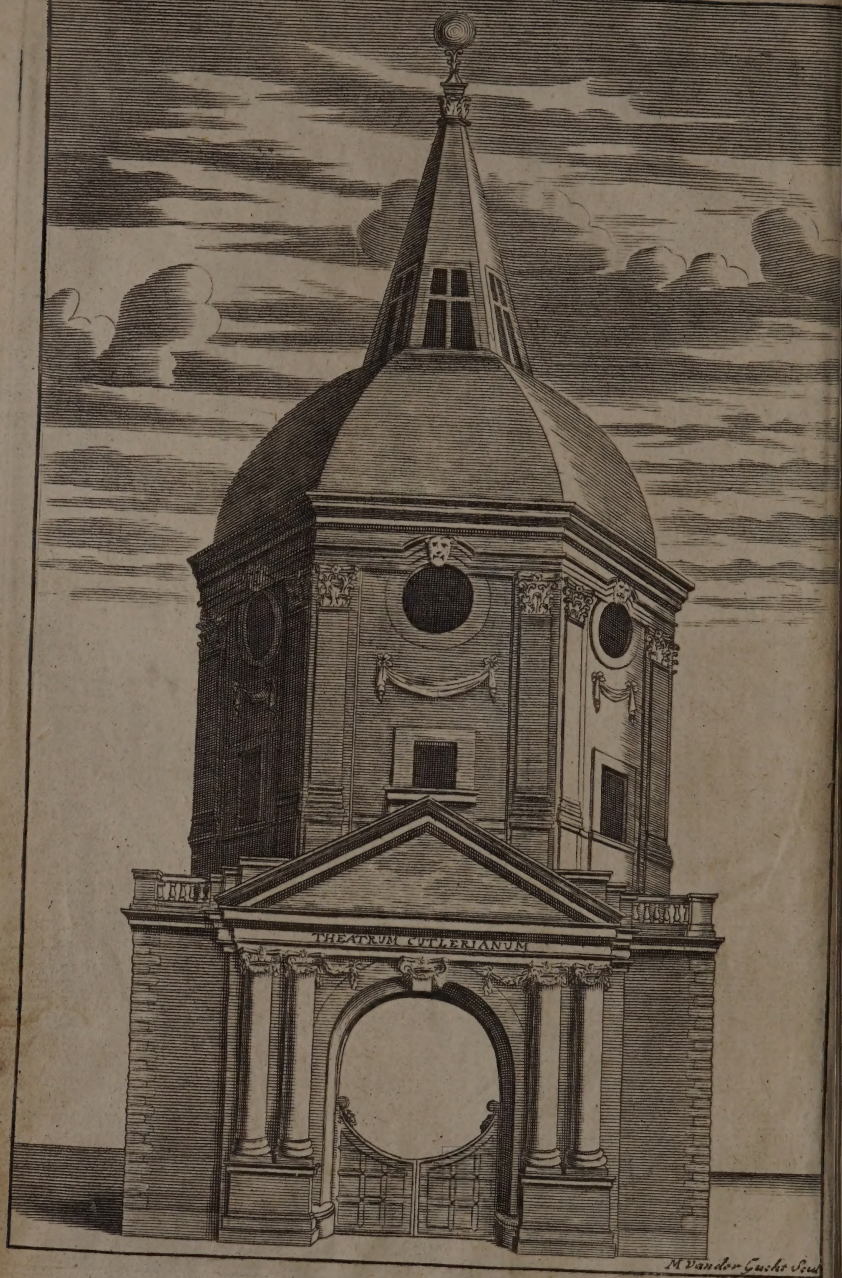


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M. Vander Gucht Sculp.

THE
Dispensary.
A
POEM.

In Six CANTO'S.

Quod licet, libet.

The SIXTH EDITION,
With several DESCRIPTIONS and EPISODES
never before Printed.

L O N D O N,
Printed: And Sold by John Nutt, near
Stationers-Hall. 1706.



T O

9/5 K-K

Anthony Henley, *Esq;*

A Man of Your Character
can no more Prevent a
Dedication, than he wou'd
Encourage one; for Merit, like a
Virgin's Blushes, is still most di-
scover'd, when it labours most to
be conceal'd.

'Tis hard, that to think well of
You, shou'd be but Justice, and to
tell You so, shou'd be an Offence:
Thus rather than violate Your

Dedication.

Modesty, I must be wanting to Your other Virtues; and to gratifie One good Quality, do wrong to a Thousand.

The World generally measures our Esteem by the Ardour of our Pretences; and will scarce believe that so much Zeal in the Heart, can be consistent with so much Faintness in the Expressions; but when they reflect on Your Readiness to do Good, and Your Industry to hide it; on Your Passion to oblige, and Your Pain to bear it own'd; They'll conclude, that Acknowledgments wou'd be Ungrateful to a Person, who ev'n seems to receive the Obligations he confers.

But

Dedication.

But tho' I shou'd persuade my self to be silent upon all Occasions; those more Polite Arts, which, 'till of late, have Languish'd and Decay'd, wou'd appear under their present Advantages, and own You for one of their generous Restorers: Insomuch, that Sculpture now Breaths, Painting Speaks, Musick Ravishes; and as You help to refine Our Taste, You distinguish Your Own.

Your Approbation of this Poem, is the only Exception to the Opinion the World has of Your Judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much, as what You Write Your self: But You are resolv'd to forget to be a Critick, by remem-

Dedication.

*bring You are a Friend. To say
more, wou'd be uneasie to You,
and to say less, wou'd be un-
just in*

Your Humble Servant.

T H E

THE PREFACE.

SINCE this following Poem in a manner stole into the World, I cou'd not be surpriz'd to find it uncorrect: Tho' I can no more say I was a Stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approv'd of the Publisher's Precipitation in doing it: For a Hurry in the Execution, generally produces a Leisure in Reflection; so when we run the fastest, we stumble the ofttest. However, the Errors of the Printer have not been greater than the Candor of the Reader: And if I cou'd but say the same of the Defects of the Author, he'd need no
Justi-

The Preface.

Justification against the Cavils of some furious Criticks, who, I am sure, wou'd have been better pleas'd if they had met with more Faults.

Their Grand Objection is, That the *Fury Disease* is an improper Machine to recite Characters, and recommend the Example of present Writers: But tho' I had the Authority of some *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, upon parallel Instances, to justify the Design; yet, that I might not introduce any thing that seem'd inconsistent or hard, I started this Objection my self, to a Gentleman very remarkable in this sort of Criticism, who wou'd by no means allow that the Contrivance was forc'd, or the Conduct incongruous.

Disease is represented a *Fury* as well as *Envy*: She is imagin'd to be forc'd by an Incantation from her Recess; and to be reveng'd on the Exorcist, mortifies him with an Introduction of several Persons eminent

The Preface.

eminent in an Accomplishment He has made some Advances in.

Nor is the Compliment less to any Great Genius mention'd there; since a very Fiend, who naturally repines at any Excellency, is forc'd to confess how happily They've all succeeded.

Their next Objection is, That I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monsieur Boileau. I must own I am proud of the Imputation; unless their Quarrel be, That I have not done it enough: But he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copy'd him in nothing but in two or three Lines in the Complaint of *Mollese*, *Canto* II. and in one in his First *Canto*; the Sense of which Line is entirely his, and I cou'd wish it were not the only good One in mine.

I have spoke to the most material Objections I have heard of, and shall tell these Gentlemen, That for ev'ry Fault they pretend

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tend to find in this *Poem*, I'll undertake to shew them two. One of these curious Persons does me the Honour to say, He approves of the Conclusion of it; but I suppose 'tis upon no other Reason, but because 'tis the Conclusion. However, I shou'd not be much concern'd not to be thought Excellent in an Amusement I have very little practis'd hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easie to be lost; its Pursuit is painful, and its Possession unfruitful: Nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, 'till finding the Animosities among the Members of the *College of Physicians* encreasing daily (notwithstanding the frequent Exhortations of our Worthy President to the contrary) I was persuaded to attempt something of this nature, and to endeavour to Rally some of our disaffected Members into a Sense of their Duty, who have hitherto most obstinately oppos'd all manner of Union; and have
con-

The Preface.

continu'd so unreasonably refractory, that 'twas thought fit by the College, to reinforce the Observance of the Statutes by a Bond, which some of them wou'd not comply with, tho' none of 'em had refus'd the Ceremony of the customary Oath; like some that will trust their Wives with any Body, but their Mony with None. I was sorry to find there cou'd be any Constitution that was not to be cur'd without Poison, and that there shou'd be a Prospect of effecting it by a less grateful Method than Reason and Persuasion.

The Original of this Difference has been of some standing, tho' it did not break out to Fury and Excess 'till the time of Erecting the *Dispensary*, being an Apartment in the *College* set up for the Relief of the Sick Poor, and manag'd ever since with an Integrity and Disinterest suitable to so Charitable a Design.

If any Person wou'd be more fully inform'd about the Particulars of so Pious a
Work,

The Preface.

Work, I refer him to a Treatise set forth by the Authority of the President and Censors, in the Year 97. 'Tis call'd *A short Account of the Proceedings of the College of Physicians, London, in relation to the Sick Poor.* The Reader may there not only be inform'd of the Rise and Progress of this so Publick an Undertaking, but also of the Concurrence and Encouragement it met with from the most, as well as the most Ancient Members of the Society, notwithstanding the vigorous Opposition of a few Men, who thought it their Interest to defeat so laudable a Design.

The Intention of this Preface is not to persuade Mankind to enter into our Quarrels, but to vindicate the Author from being censur'd of taking any indecent Liberty with a Faculty he has the Honour to be a Member of. If the *Satyr* may appear directed at any particular Person, 'tis at such only as are presum'd to be engag'd in Dishonourable Confederacies for mean
and

The Preface.

and mercenary Ends, against the Dignity of their own Profession. But if there be no such, then these Characters are but imaginary, and by consequence ought to give no Body Offence.

The Description of the Battel is grounded upon a Feud that hapned in the *Dispensary*, betwixt a Member of the College with his Retinue, and some of the Servants that attended there, to dispense the Medicines; and is so far real; tho' the Poetical Relation be fictitious. I hope no Body will think the Author Scurrilous thro' the whole, who being too liable to Faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the Miscarriages of others. If I am hard upon any one 'tis my Reader: But some Worthy Gentlemen, as remarkable for their Humanity as their Extraordinary Parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I con-

The Preface.

I confess those Ingenious Gentlemen have done me a great Honour ; but while they design an imaginary Panegyrick upon me, They have made a real one upon Themselves ; and by saying how much this small Performance exceeds some others, They convince the World how far it falls short of Theirs.

The

T H E

Dispensary.

C A N T O I.

Speak, Goddess! since 'tis Thou that best canst tell,
 How ancient Leagues to modern Discord fell;
 And why Physicians were so cautious grown
 Of others Lives, and lavish of their own;
 How by a Journey to th' *Elysian* Plain
 Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.

Not far from that most celebrated Place,
 Where angry ¹ Justice shews her awful Face;

¹ *Old Baily.*

B

Where

Where little Villains must submit to Fate,
 That great Ones may enjoy the World in State;
 There stands a ² Dome, Majestick to the Sight,
 And sumptuous Arches bear its oval Height;
 A golden Globe plac'd high with artful Skill,
 Seems, to the distant Sight, a gilded Pill:
 This Pile was, by the Pious Patron's Aim,
 Rais'd for a Use as Noble as its Frame:
 Nor did the Learn'd Society decline
 The Propagation of that great Design;
 In all her Mazes, Nature's Face they view'd,
 And as she disappear'd, their Search pursu'd.
 Wrapt in the Shades of Night the Goddess lyes,
 Yet to the Learn'd unveils her dark Disguise,
 But shuns the gross Access of vulgar Eyes.
 Now she unfolds the faint, and dawning Strife
 Of infant Atoms kindling into Life:

² College of Physicians.

How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
And slender Trains of twisting Fibres makes.
And how the Viscous seeks a closer Tone,
By just degrees to harden into Bone;
While the more Loose flow from the vital Urn,
And in full Tides of Purple Streams return;
How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp arise,
And dart in Emanations through the Eyes;
How from each Sluice a gentle Torrent pours,
To flake a feav'rish Heat with ambient Show'rs.
Whence, their Mechanick Pow'rs, the Spirits claim,
How great their Force, how delicate their Frame:
How the same Nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest Pleasure and the greatest Pain.
Why bileous Juice a Golden Light puts on,
And Floods of Chyle in Silver Currents run.
How the dim Speck of Entity began
To work its brittle Being up to Man.

To how minute an Origin we owe
 Young *Ammon*, *Cæsar*, and the Great *Nassau*.
 Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
 And why chill Virgins redden into Flame.
 Why Envy oft transforms with wan Disguise,
 And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the Eyes.
 All Ice why *Lucrece*, or *Sempronia*, Fire,
 Why *S*—— rages to survive Desire.
 Whence *Milo's* Vigour at *Olympick's* shown,
 Whence Tropes to *F*——*b*, or Impudence to *S*——*n*.
 Why *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* severe,
 Why *Me*——*n* muddy, *M*——*gue* why clear.
 Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous Cause to find,
 How Body acts upon impassive Mind.
 How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
 Past Hopes revive, and present Joys inspire:
 Why our Complexions oft our Soul declare,
 And how the Passions in the Features are.

How

How Touch and Harmony arise between
Corporeal Substances, and Things unseen.
With mighty Truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the Womb of distant Causes lye.

But now those great Enquiries are no more,
And Faction skulks, where Learning shone before:
The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And *Pæan*'s Beams with fading Lustre shine.
No Readers here with Hectick Looks are found,
Or Eyes in Rheum, thro' midnight-watching drown'd:
The lonely Edifice in Sweats complains
That nothing there but empty Silence reigns.

This Place so fit for undisturb'd Repose,
The God of Sloth for his *Asylum* chose.
Upon a Couch of Down in these Abodes
Supine with folded Arms he thoughtless nods.

Indulging Dreams his Godhead lull to Ease,
 With Murmurs of soft Rills, and whisp'ring Trees.
 The *Poppy* and each numming Plant dispense
 Their drowzy Virtue, and dull Indolence.
 No Passions interrupt his easie Reign,
 No Problems puzzle his Lethargick Brain.
 But dark Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed,
 And lazy Fogs hang ling'ring o'er his Head.

As at full Length the pamper'd Monarch lay
 Batt'ning in Ease, and slumb'ring Life away:
 A spiteful Noise his downy Chains unties,
 Hastes forward, and encreases as it flies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn ³ Flint engage,
 'Till urg'd by Blows, it sparkles into Rage.
 Some temper Lute, some spacious Vessels move;
 These Furnaces erect, and Those approve.

Here Phyals in nice Discipline are fet,
There Gally-pots are rang'd in Alphabet.
In this place, Magazines of Pills you spy;
In that, like Forage, Herbs in Bundles lye.
While lifted Pestles brandish'd in the Air
Descend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare.
Loud Stroaks, with pounding Spice, the Fabrick rend,
And Aromatick Clouds in Spires ascend.

So when the *Cyclops* o'er their Anvils sweat,
And their swoln Sinews ecchoing Blows repeat;
From the *Vulcano's* gross Eruptions rise,
And curling Sheets of Sinoke obscure the Skies.

The flumb'ring God amaz'd at this new Din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down agen.
Littles he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his Eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.

How impotent a Deity am I!
 With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
 Thro' my Indulgence, Mortals hourly share
 A grateful Negligence, and Ease from Care.
 Lull'd in my Arms, how long have I with-held
 The *Northern* Monarchs from the dusty Field.
 How have I kept the *British* Fleet at Ease,
 From tempting the rough Dangers of the Seas.
Hibernia owns the Mildness of my Reign,
 And my Divinity's ador'd in *Spain*.
 I Swains to *Sylvan* Solitudes convey,
 Where stretch'd on Mossy Beds, they waste away,
 In gentle Joys the Night, in Vows the Day. }
 What Marks of wond'rous Clemency I've shown,
 Some Rev'rend Worthies of the Gown can own.
 Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful Grace,
 Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face.

How

How sleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
When big they strut behind a double Chin.

Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull.

No learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance,
Or discompose their pompous Ignorance:

But undisturb'd, they loiter Life away,
So wither Green, and blossom in Decay.

Deep sunk in Down, they, by my gentle Care,
Avoid th' Inclemencies of Morning Air,
And leave to tatter'd Crape the Drudgery of Pray'r. }

Urim was civil, and not void of Sense,
Had Humour, and a courteous Confidence.

So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks;
The hallow'd Rose declares him Orthodox.

He pass'd his easie Hours, instead of Pray'r,
In Madrigals, and *Phillising* the Fair.

Constant

Constant at Feasts, and each *Decorum* knew;
And soon as the *Desert* appear'd, withdrew.
Always obliging and without Offence,
And fancy'd for his gay Impertinence.
But see how ill mistaken Parts succeed;
He threw off my Dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in Controversie, wrangled well;
In Convocation-Language cou'd excel.
In Volumns prov'd the Church without Defence,
And guarded but by helpless Providence:
How Grace and Moderation disagree;
And Violence advances Charity.
Thus writ 'till none would read, becoming soon
A wretched Scribler, of a rare Buffoon.

Mankind my fond propitious Pow'r has try'd,
Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.

And,

And, in return, I ask but some Recess,
To relish the lov'd Extasies of Peace.
But that, the Great *Nassau's* Heroick Arms
Has long prevented with his loud Alarms.
Still my Indulgence with Contempt he flies,
His Couch a Trench, his Canopy the Skies.
Nor Climes nor Seasons his Resolves controul,
Th' *Æquator* has no Heat, no Ice the *Pole*.
With Arms resistless o'er the Globe he flies,
And leaves to *Jove* the Empire o' the Skies.

But as the slothful God to yawn begun,
He shook off the dull Mist, and thus went on.

'Twas in this rev'rend Dome I sought Repose,
These Walls were that *Asylum* I had chose.
Here have I rul'd long undisturb'd with Broils,
And laugh'd at Heroes, and their glorious Toils.

My

My Annals are in mouldy Mildews wrought,
With strong unlabour'd Impotence of Thought.

But now some busie, enterprizing Brain
Invents new Fancies to renew my Pain,
And labours to dissolve my easie Reign.

With that, the God his darling *Phantom* calls,
And from his falt'ring Lips this Message falls;

Since Mortals will dispute my Pow'r, I'll try
Who has the greatest Empire, they or I.
Find Envy out, some Prince's Court attend,
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd Fiend.
Or where dull Criticks Author's Fate foretel;
Or where stale Maids, or meager Eunuchs dwell.
Tell the bleak Fury what new Projects reign,
Among the Homicides of *Warwick-Lane*.

And

And what th'Event, unless the strait enclines
To blast their Hopes, and baffle their Designs.

More he had spoke, but sudden Vapours rise,
And with their filken Cords tie down his Eyes.

THE

T H E

Dispensary.

C A N T O II.

SOON as with gentle Sighs the Ev'ning Breeze
 Begun to whisper thro' the murm'ring Trees;
 And Night to wrap in Shades the Mountains Heads,
 While Winds lay hush'd in Subterranean Beds;
 Officious *Phantom* did with speed prepare
 To slide on tender Pinions through the Air.
 Oft he attempts the Summit of a Rock,
 And oft the Hollow of some blasted Oak;
 At length approaching where bleak Envy lay,
 The hissing of her Snakes proclaim'd the way.

Be-

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Yew,
That taints the Grass with sickly Sweats of Dew;
No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,
But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite;
In a dark Grott the baleful Haggard lay,
Breathing black Vengeance, and infecting Day.
But how deform'd, and worn with spiteful Woes,
Rapacious *Verres*, late a Statesman, knows.
The cheerful Blood her meager Cheeks forfook,
And Basilisks fate Brooding in her Look.
A bald and bloated Toad-stool rais'd her Head;
The Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed.
From her chapp'd Nostrils scalding Torrents fall,
And her sunk Eyes boil o'er in Floods of Gall.
Volcano's labour thus with inward Pains,
Whilst Seas of melted Oar lye waste the Plains.

Around

Around the Fiend in hideous Order sat
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate:
Gruff Discontent, thro' Ignorance miss-led,
And clam'rous Faction at her Party's Head:
Restless Sedition still dissembling Fear,
And fly Hypocrisie with Pious Leer.

Glouting with fullen Spight the Fury shook
Her clotted Locks, and blasted with each Look.
Then tore with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,
Where Fame the Acts of Demy-Gods enrolls.
And as the rent Records in pieces fell,
Each Scrap did some Immortal Action tell.

This show'd, how fix'd as Fate *Torquatus* stood,
That, the fam'd Passage of the *Granick* Flood;
The *Julian* Eagles, here, their Wings display,
And there, like setting Stars, the *Decii* lay ;

This does *Camillus* as a God extol,
That points at *Manlius* in the Capitol;
How *Cockles* did the *Tyber's* Surges brave,
How *Curtius* plung'd into the gaping Grave.
Great *Cyrus*, here, the *Medes* and *Persians* join,
And, there, the wond'rous Battel of the *Boyn*.

As the light Messenger the Fury spy'd,
A while his curdling Blood forgot to glide:
Confusion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And falt'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue.
At length, assuming Courage, he convey'd
His Errand, then he shrunk into a Shade.

The Hag lay long revolving what might be
The blest Event of such an Embassie.
Then blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form,
So Light'ning gilds the unrelenting Storm.

Thus

Thus she — Mankind are blest'd, they riot still
Unbounded in Exorbitance of Ill.

By Devastation the rough Warrior gains,
And Farmers fatten most when Famine reigns;
For sickly Seasons the Physicians wait,
And Politicians thrive in Broils of State.
The Lover's ease when the Fair One sighs,
And Gods subsist not but by Sacrifice.

Each other Being some Indulgence knows,
Few are my Joys, but infinite my Woes.
My present Pain *Britannia's* Genius wills,
And thus the Fates record my future Ills.

A Heroine shall *Albion's* Scepter bear,
With Arms shall vanquish Earth, and Heav'n with [Pray'r.
She on the World her Clemency shall show'r,
And only to preserve, exert her Pow'r.

Tyrants shall then their impious Aims forbear,
And *Blenheim's* Thunder, more than * *Ætna's*, fear.

Since by no Arts I therefore can defeat
The happy Enterprizes of the Great,
I'll calmly stoop to more inferior Things;
And try if my lov'd Snakes have Teeth or Stings.

She said; and strait shrill *Colon's* Person took,
In Morals loose, but most precise in Look.

Black-Fryars Annals lately pleas'd to call
Him Warden of *Apothecaries-Hall*.

And, when so dignify'd, he'd not forbear
That Operation which the Learn'd declare
Gives Cholicks ease, and makes the Ladies fair.
In starch'd Urbanity his Talent lyes,
And Form the want of Intellects supplies.

* In *Ætna* were forg'd the Thunder-bolts which Jove employ'd against the Ambition of the Giants.

Hourly his Learn'd Impertinence affords
A barren Superfluity of Words.
The Patient's Ears remorseless he assails,
Murthers with Jargon where his Med'cine fails.

The Fury thus assuming *Colon's* Grace,
So slung her Arms, so shuff'd in her Pace.
Onward she hastens to the fam'd Abodes,
Where *Horoscope* invokes th' infernal Gods;
And reach'd the Mansion where the Vulgar run,
For Ruin throng, and pay to be undone.

This *Wight* all Mercenary Projects tries,
And knows, that to be Rich is to be Wise.
By useful Observations he can tell
The sacred Charms, that in true Sterling dwell.
How Gold makes a *Patrician* of a Slave,
A Dwarf an *Atlas*, a *Thersites* brave.

It cancels all Defects, and in their Place
 Finds Sense in *Br——w*, Charms in Lady *G——e*
 It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind;
 No Bankrupt ever found a Fair One kind.

So truly *Horoscope* its Virtue knows,
 To this bright Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
 And fancies, that a Thousand Pound supplies
 The want of Twenty Thousand Qualities.

Long has he been of that amphibious Fry,
 Bold to Prescribe, and busie to Apply.
 His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs
 With Foreign Trinkets, and Domestick Toys.

Here, *Mummies* lay most reverently stale,
 And there, the *Tortois* hung her Coat o' Mail;

Not far from some huge *Shark's* devouring Head
The flying Fish their finny Pinions spread.
Aloft in Rows large Poppy Heads were strung,
And near, a scaly Alligator hung.
In this place, Drugs in musty Heaps decay'd,
In that, dry'd Bladders, and drawn Teeth were laid.

An inner Room receives the num'rous Shoals,
Of such as pay to be reputed Fools.
Globes stand by Globes, Volumns on Volumns lye,
And Planetary Schemes amuse the Eye.
The Sage, in Velvet Chair, here lolls at Ease,
To promise future Health for present Fees.
Then, as from *Tripod*, solemn Shams reveals,
And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks, how soon *Panthea* may be won,
And longs to feel the Marriage Fetters on.

Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,
Enquire when courteous Fates will strike 'em off.

Some, by what means they may redress the Wrong,
When Fathers the Possession keep too long.
And some would know the Issue of their Cause,
And whether Gold can folder up its Flaws.
Poor pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,
To lose by Art what fruitful Nature gave:
And *Portia* old in Expectation grown,
Laments her barren Curse, and begs a Son.
Whilst *Iris*, his Cosmetick *Wash* would try,
To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers die.
Some ask for Charms, and others Philters chuse,
To gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans lose.
Young *Hylas*, botch'd with Stains too foul to name,
In Cradle here renews his Youthful Frame:

Cloy'd

Cloy'd with Defire, and furfeited with Charms,
A Hot-Houfe he prefers to *Julia's* Arms.
And old *Lucullus* wou'd th' *Arcanum* prove,
Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

Bleak Envy thefe dull Frauds with Pleafure fees,
And wonders at the fenfelefs Myfteries.
In *Colon's* Voice ſhe thus calls out aloud
On *Horoscope* environ'd by the Crowd.

Forbear, forbear, thy vain Amufements ceafe,
Thy *Wood-Cocks* from their *Gins* a while releafe;
And to that dire Misfortune liſten well,
Which thou ſhou'dſt fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever waſt eſteem'd by me
The Great *Alcides* of our Company.
When we with Noble Scorn reſolv'd to eaſe
Our ſelves from all Parochial Offices;

And

And to our Wealthier Patients left the Care,
And draggl'd Dignity of Scavenger:
Such Zeal in that Affair thou didst exprefs,
Nought cou'd be equal, but the great Succes.
Now call to mind thy Gen'rous Prowess past,
Be what thou shou'dst, by thinking what thou wast.
The Faculty of *Warwick-Lane* Design,
If not to Storm, at least to Undermine:
Their Cates each day Tenthousand Night-caps crowd,
And Mortars utter their Attempts aloud.
If they should once unmask our Mystery,
Each Nurse, e'er long, wou'd be as learn'd as We;
Our Art expos'd to ev'ry Vulgar Eye,
And none, in Complaisance to us, would dye.
What if We claim their Right t' Affassinate,
Must they needs turn *Apothecaries* strait?
Prevent it, Gods! all Stratagems we try,
To crowd with new Inhabitants your Sky.

'Tis we who wait the Destinies Command,
To purge the troubl'd Air, and weed the Land.
And dare the *College of Physicians* aim
To equal our Fraternity in Fame?
Then let *Crabs* Eyes with *Pearl* for Virtue try,
Or *Highgate-Hill* with lofty *Pindus* vie:
So *Glow-worms* may compare with *Titan's* Beams,
And *Hare-Court* Pump with *Aganippe's* Streams.

Our Manufacture now they meanly sell,
And spightfully th' intrinsick Value tell:
Nay more: Inhumanly They'll force us soon
T'exert our Charity, and be undone;
Whilst We, at our Expence, must persevere,
And, for another World, be ruin'd here.

At this, fam'd *Horoscope* turn'd pale, and straight
In Silence tumbl'd from his Chair of State.

The

The Crowd in great Confusion fought the Door,
And left the *Magus* fainting on the Floor.

Whilst in his Breast the Fury breath'd a Storm,
Then fought her Cell, and reassum'd her Form.

Thus from the Sore altho' the Insect flies,
It leaves a Brood of Maggots in Disguise.

Officious *Squirt* in haste forfook the Shop,
To succour the expiring *Horoscope*.

Oft he essay'd the *Magus* to restore,
By Salt of *Succinum*'s prevailing Pow'r;

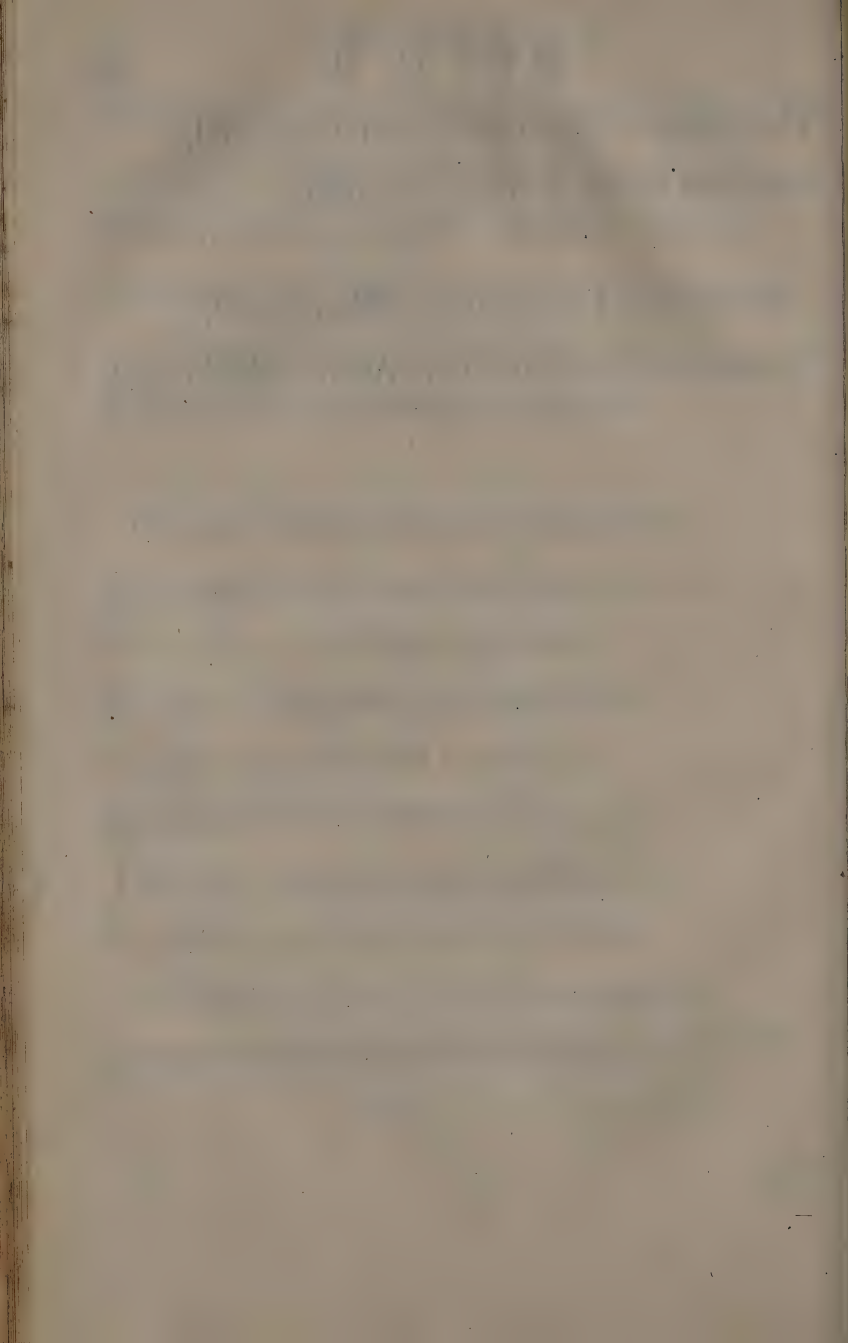
Yet still supine the solid Lumber lay
An Image of scarce animated Clay;

'Till Fates, indulgent when Disasters call,
By *Squirt*'s nice Hand apply'd a Urinal;
The Wight no sooner did the Steam receive,
But rous'd, and blest'd the stale Restorative.

The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel,
Such Zeal he had for that vile Utenfil.

So when the Great *Pelides*, *Thetis* found,
He knew the oozy Scent, and th'Azure Goddeſs own'd.

THE



T H E

Dispensary.

C A N T O III.

ALL Night the Sage in Pensive Tumults lay,
 Complaining of the slow Approach of Day;
 Oft turn'd him round, and strove to think no more
 Of what shrill *Colon* spoke the Day before.
Cowslips and *Poppies* o'er his Eyes he spread,
 And *S*—— Works he laid beneath his Head.
 But those blest'd Opiats still in vain he tries,
 Sleep's gentle Image his Embraces flies.
 Tumultuous Cares lay rolling in his Breast,
 And thus his anxious Thoughts the Sage express.

Oft

Oft has this Planet roll'd around the Sun,
Since to consult the Skies, I first begun:
Such my Applause, so mighty my Success,
I once thought my Predictions more than Guess.
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This Faith, there can be no Mistake in Gain.
For the dull World most Honour pay to those
Who on their Understanding most impose.
First Man creates, and then he fears the Elf,
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself:
He loaths the Substance, and he loves the Show;
You'll ne'er convince a Fool, Himself is so:
He hates Reallities, and hugs the Cheat,
And still the only Pleasure's the Deceit.
So Meteors flatter with a dazling Dye
Which no Existence has, but in the Eye.

At distance Prospects please us, but when near,
We find but desert Rocks, and fleeting Air.
From Stratagem, to Stratagem we run,
And he knows most, who latest is undone.

Mankind one Day serene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe:
New Passions, new Opinions still excite,
And what they like at Noon, they leave at Night:
They gain with Labour, what they quit with Ease,
And Health, for want of Change, becomes Disease.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to Superstitious Fear.
They Counsel others, but themselves Deceive,
And tho' they're Cozen'd still, they still Believe.

Shall I then, who with penetrating Sight
Inspect the Springs that guide each Appetite:

D

Who

Who with unfathom'd Searches hourly pierce
 The dark Recesses of the Universe,
 Be Passive, whilst the Faculty pretend
 Our Charter with unhallow'd Hands to rend?
 If all the Fiends that in low Darknes reign,
 Be not the Fictions of a sickly Brain,
 That Project, the * *Dispensary* they call,
 Before the Moon can blunt her Horns, shall fall.

With that, a Glance from mild *Aurora's* Eyes
 Shoots thro' the Chrystal Kingdoms of the Skies;
 The Savage Kind in Forests cease to roam,
 And Sots o'ercharg'd with nauseous Loads reel home.
 Light's chearful Smiles o'er th' Azure Waste are spread,
 And Mifs from Inns o' Court bolts out unpaid.
 The Sage transported at th' approaching Hour,
 Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the Floor;

* *Medicines made up there, for the use of the Poor.*

Officious *Squirt* that Moment had access,
 His Trust was great, his Vigilance no less.
 To him thus *Horoscope*,

My kind Companion in this dire Affair,
 Which is more light, since you assume a Share;
 Fly with what haste you us'd to do of old,
 When *Clyster* was in danger to be cold:
 With Expedition on the Beadle call,
 To summon all the Company to th' *Hall*.

Away the trusty Coadjutor flies,
 Swift as from Phyal Steams of *Harts-horn* rise.
 The *Magus* in the int'rim mumbles o'er
 Vile Terms of Art to some Infernal Pow'r,
 And draws Mysterious Circles on the Floor.
 But from the gloomy Vault no glaring Spright,
 Ascends to blast the tender Bloom of Light.

No myſtick Sounds from *Hell's* deteſted Womb,
 In dusky Exhalations upwards come,
 And now to raiſe an Altar He decrees,
 To that devouring Harpy call'd *Disease*,
 Then Flow'rs in Caniſters he haſtes to bring,
 The wither'd Product of a blighted Spring,
 With cold *Solanum* from the *Pontick* Shore,
 The Roots of *Mandrake* and Black *Ellebore*.
 And on the Structure next he heaps a Load
 Of *Saffras* in Chips, and *Mastick* Wood.
 Then from the Compter he takes down the File,
 And with Preſcriptions lights the ſolemn Pile.

Feebly the Flames on clumſie Wings aſpire,
 And ſmoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire,
 With Sorrow he beheld the ſad Portent,
 Then to the Hag theſe *Orizons* he ſent,

Disease! thou ever most propitious Pow'r,
 Whose kind Indulgencies we taste each Hour;
 Thou well canst boast thy num'rous Pedigree
 Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
 In gilded Palaces thy Prowels reigns,
 But flies the humble Sheds of Cottage Swains.
 To You such Might and Energy belong,
 You nip the Blooming, and unnerve the Strong.
 The Purple Conqueror in Chains you bind,
 And are to us your Vassals only kind.
 If, in return, all Diligence we pay
 To fix your Empire, and confirm your Sway,
 Far as the weekly Bills can reach around,
 From *Kent-street* end to fam'd *St. Giles's-Pound*;
 Behold this poor Libation with a Smile,
 And let auspicious Light break through the Pile.

He spoke; and on the Pyramid he laid
 Bay-Leaves and Vipers Hearts, and thus he said;
 As *These* consume in this mysterious Fire,
 So let the curs'd *Dispensary* expire;
 And as *Those* crackle in the Flames, and die,
 So let its Vessels burst, and Glasses fly.
 But a sinister Cricket strait was heard,
 The Altar fell, the Off'ring disappear'd.
 As the fam'd Wight the Omen did regret,
Squirt brought the News the Company was met.

Nigh where *Fleet-Ditch* descends in fable Streams,
 To wash his footy *Naiads* in the *Thames*;
 There stands a * Structure on a rising Hill,
 Where *Tyro's* take their Freedom out to kill.
 Some Pictures in these dreadful Shambles tell,
 How, by the *Delian* God, the *Pithon* fell;

* *Apothecaries Hall.*

And

And how *Medea* did the *Philter* brew,
 That cou'd in *Ejion's* Veins young Force renew.
 In healing Tears how *Myrrha* mourn'd her Fall,
 And what befel the beauteous Criminal.
 How *Mentha* and *Althea*, Nymphs no more,
 Revivè in facred Plants, and Health reftore.
 How fanguine Swains their am'rous Hours repent,
 When Pleafure's paff, and Pains are permanent;
 And how frail Nymphs, oft by Abortion, aim
 To lofe a Substance, to preferve a Name.

Soon as each Member in his Rank was plac'd,
 Th' Affembly *Diafenna* thus addrefs'd.

My kind Confed'rates, if my poor Intent,
 As 'tis fincere, had been but prevalent,
 We here had met on fome ferene Defign,
 And on no other Bus'nefs but to Dine;

The Faculty had still maintain'd their Sway,
And Int'rest then had taught us to obey;
This only Emulation we had known,
Who best cou'd fill his Purse, and thin the Town.
But now from gath'ring Clouds Destruction pours,
Which threatens with mad Rage our *Halcyon* Hours:
Mists from black Jealousies the Tempest form,
Whilst late Divisions reinforce the Storm.
Know, when these Feuds, like those at Law, are past,
The Winners will be Losers at the last.
Like Heroes in Sea-Fights we seek Renown,
To fire some Hostile Ship, we burn our own.
Who-e'er throws Dust against the Wind, descries
He throws it, in effect, but in his Eyes.
That Juggler which another's Slight will show,
But teaches how the World his own may know.

Thrice

Thrice happy were those golden Days of old,
 When dear as *Burgundy*, *Ptisans* were sold;
 When Patients chose to die with better Will,
 Than live to pay th' *Apothecary's* Bill.
 And cheaper than for our Assistance call,
 Might go to *Aix* or *Bourbon*, Spring and Fall.

Then Priests increas'd, and Piety decay'd,
 Churchmen the Church's Purity betray'd;
 Their Lives and Doctrine, Slaves and Atheists made.
 The Laws were but the hireling Judge's Sense;
 Juries were sway'd by venal Evidence.
 Fools were promoted to the Council-Board,
 Tools to the Bench, and Bullies to the Sword.
 Pensions in private were the Senate's Aim;
 And Patriots for a Place abandon'd Fame.

But

But now no influencing Art remains,
For S——rs has the Seal, and *Nassau* reigns.
And we, in spite of our Resolves, must bow,
And suffer by a Reformation too.
For now late Jars our Practices detect,
And Mines, when once discover'd, lose Effect.
Diffentions, like small Streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they still dis-join.
'Tis therefore my Advice, in haste we send,
And beg the Faculty to be our Friend.
In vain we but contend, that radiant Pow'r
Those Vapours can disperse It rais'd before.

As he revolving stood to speak the rest,
Rough *Colocynthis* thus his Rage express.

Thou

Thou Scandal of the mighty *Pæan's* Art,
 At thy Approach, the Springs of Nature start,
 The Nerves unbrace: Nay, at the Sight of thee,
 A Scratch turns Cancer, Itch a Leprosie.
 Cou'dst thou propose, That we, the *Friends* o' Fates,
 Who fill *Church-yards*, and who unpeople States,
 Who baffle Nature, and dispose of Lives,
 Whilst *Russel*, as we please, or starves, or thrives,
 Shou'd e'er submit to their Imperious Will,
 Who out o' Consultation scarce can kill?
 The tow'ring *Alps* shall sooner sink to Vales,
 And *Leaches*, in our Glassses, swell to *Whales*;
 Or *Norwich* trade in Implements of Steel,
 And *Bromingham* in Stuffs and Druggets deal:
 The Sick to th' Hundreds sooner shall repair,
 And change the *Gravel-Pits* for *Kentish* Air.

Our Properties must on our Arms depend;
 'Tis next to Conquer, bravely to Defend:
 'Tis to the Vulgar, Death too harsh appears;
 The Ill we feel is only in our Fears

To Die, is Landing on some silent Shoar,
 Where Billows never break, nor Tempests roar:
 E'er well we feel the friendly Stroke, 'tis o'er.
 The Wife thro' Thought th' Infults of Death defy;
 The Fools, thro' blest d' Insensibility:
 'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave;
 Sought by the Wretch, and vanquish'd by the Brave.
 It eases Lovers, sets the Captive free;
 And, tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty:

Sound but to Arms, the Foe shall soon confess
 Our Force encreases, as our Funds grow less;

And

And what requir'd such Industry to raise,
 We'll scatter into nothing as we please.
 Thus they'll acknowledge, to Annihilate
 Shews no less wond'rous Pow'r than to Create.
 We'll raise our num'rous Cohorts, and oppose
 The feeble Forces of our pigmy Foes;
 Whole Troops of Quacks shall join us on the Place,
 From Great *Kirleus* down to *Doctor Case*.
 Tho' such vile Rubbish sink, yet we shall rise;
Directors still secure the greatest Prize.
 Such poor Supports serve only like a Stay;
 The Tree once fix'd, its *Rest* is torn away.

So Patriots, in the time of Peace and Ease,
 Forget the Fury of the late Disease:
 Imaginary Dangers they create,
 And loath th' *Elixir* which preserv'd the State.

Arm therefore, gallant Friends, 'tis Honour's Call,
Or let us boldly Fight, or bravely Fall.

To this the *Session* seem'd to give Consent,
Much lik'd the War, but dreaded much th' Event.
At length, the growing Diff'rence to compose,
Two Brothers, nam'd *Ascarides*, arose.
Both had the Volubility of Tongue,
In Meaning faint, but in Opinion strong.
To speak they both assum'd a like Pretence,
The Elder gain'd his just Pre-eminence;

Thus he: 'Tis true, when Privilege and Right
Are once invaded, Honour bids us Fight.
But e'er we once engage in Honour's Cause,
First know what Honour is, and whence it was.

Scorn'd

Scorn'd by the Base, 'tis courted by the Brave,
The Heroe's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.
Born in the noisie Camp, it lives on Air;
And both exists by Hope and by Despair.
Angry when e'er a Moment's Ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.
It lives, when in Death's Arms the Heroe lies,
But when his Safety he consults, it dies.
Bigotted to this Idol, we disclaim
Rest, Health, and Ease, for nothing but a Name.

Then let us, to the Field before we move,
Know, if the Gods our Enterprize approve.
Suppose th' unthinking Faculty unvail
What we, thro' wiser Conduct, wou'd conceal;
Is't Reason we shou'd quarrel with the Glass
That shews the monstrous Features of our Face?

Or

Or grant some grave Pretenders have of late
Thought fit an Innovation to create;
Soon they'll repent, what rashly they begun;
Tho' Projects please, Projectors are undone.
All Novelties must this Success expect,
When good, our Envy; and when bad, Neglect:
If Reason cou'd direct, e'er now each Gate
Had born some Trophy of Triumphal State.
Temples had told how *Greece* and *Belgia* owe
Troy and *Namur* to *Jove* and to *Nassau*.

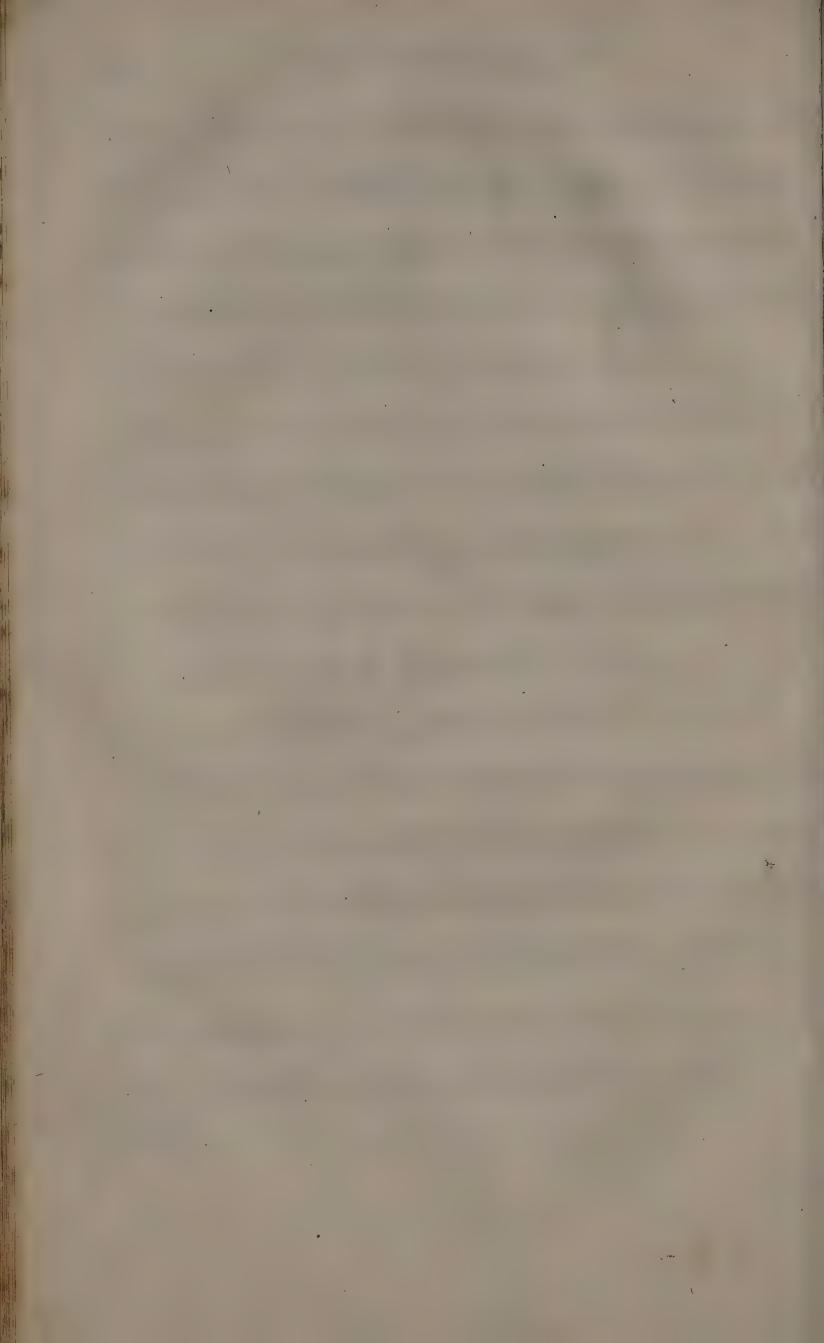
Then since no Veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing Good;
The Project that we vainly apprehend,
Must, as it blindly rose, as vilely end.
Some Members of the Faculty there are,
Who Int'rest prudently to Oaths prefer.

Our Friendship with a servile Air they court,
And their Clandestine Arts are our Support.
Them we'll consult about this Enterprize,
And boldly Execute what they Advise.

But from below (while such Resolves they took)
Some *Aurum Fulminans* the * Fabrick shook.
The Champions, daunted at the Crack, retreat,
Regard their Safety, and their Rage forget.

So when at *Bathos* all the *Giants* strove
T'invade the Skies, and wage a War with *Jove*;
Soon as the *Afs* of old *Silenus* bray'd.
The trembling Rebels in Confusion fled.

* *The Room the Apothecaries meet in, is over the Labaratory.*



T H E

Dispensary.

C A N T O IV.

NOT far from that frequented Theater, [pair;
 Where wand'ring Punks each Night at Five re-
 Where Purple Emperors in Buskins tread,
 And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread;
 Where *Bently*, by Old Writers, wealthy grew,
 And *Briscoe* lately was undone by New:
 There triumphs a *Physician* of Renown,
 To none, but such as rust in Health, unknown.
 None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart
 His known Experience, and his healing Art.

When *Bur*——*fs* deafens all the list'ning Prefs
 With Peals of most Seraphick Emptiness;
 Or when Myfterious *F*——*n* mounts on high,
 To preach his Parish to a Lethargy:
 This *Æsculapius* waits hard by, to ease
 The *Martyrs* of such Christian Cruelties.

Long has this happy Quarter of the Town,
 For Lewdness, Wit, and Gallantry been known.
 All Sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er Degree,
 To blend and juggle into Harmony.
 The Criticks each advent'rous Author scan,
 And praise or censure as They like the Man.
 The Politicians of *Parnassus* prate,
 And Poets canvass the Affairs of State;
 The Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock, but tell
 How *Virgil* writ, how bravely *Turnus* fell.

The Country-Dames drive to *Hippolito's*,
 First find a Spark, and after lose a Nose,
 The Lawyer for Lac'd Coat the Robe does quit,
 He grows a Mad-man, and then turns a Wit.
 And in the Cloister penfive *Strephon* waits,
 'Till *Chloe's* Hackney comes, and then retreats;
 And if th'ungenerous Nymph a Shaft lets fly
 More fatally than from a sparkling Eye,
Mirmillo, that fam'd *Opifer*, is nigh.

Apothecaries thither throng to Dine,
 And want of Elbow-room's supply'd in Wine.
 Cloy'd with Variety, they surfeit there,
 Whilst the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare.
 'Twas here the Champions of the Party met,
 Of their Heroick Enterprize to treat.
 Each Heroe a tremendous Air put on,
 And stern *Mirmillo* in these Words begun:

'Tis with Concern, my Friends, I meet you here;
No Grievance you can know; but I must share.
'Tis plain, my Int'rest you've advanc'd so long,
Each Fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a Tongue.
And in return, tho' I have strove to rend
Those Statutes, which on Oath I should defend;
Such Arts are Trifles to a gen'rous Mind,
Great Services, as great Returns shou'd find.
And you'll perceive, this Hand, when Glory calls,
Can brandish Arms as well as Urinals.

Oxford and all her passing Bells can tell,
By this Right Arm, what mighty Numbers fell.
Whilst others meanly ask'd whole Months to slay,
I oft dispatch'd the Patient in a Day:
With Pen in Hand I push'd to that degree,
I scarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee.

Some

Some fell by *Laudanum*, and some by *Steel*,
And Death in Ambush lay in ev'ry Pill.
For save or slay, this Privilege we claim,
Tho' Credit suffers, the Reward's the same.

What tho' the Art of Healing we pretend,
He that designs it least, is most a Friend.
Into the Right we err, and must confess
To Oversights we often owe Success.
Thus *Bessus* got the Battel in the *Play*,
His glorious Cowardise restor'd the Day.
So the fam'd *Grecian* Piece ow'd its Desert
To Chance, and not the labour'd Stroaks of Art.

Physicians, if they're wise, should never think
Of any other Arms than Pen and Ink:
But th'Enemy, at their Expence, shall find,
When Honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.

He said; and seal'd th' Engagement with a Kiss,
Which was return'd by Younger *Askaris*;
Who thus advanc'd: Each Word, Sir, you impart,
Has something killing in it, like your Art.
How much we to your boundless Friendship owe,
Our Files can speak, and your Prescriptions show.
Your Ink descends in such excessive Show'rs,
'Tis plain, you can regard no Health but ours.
Whilst poor Pretenders trifle o'er a Case,
You but appear, and give the *Coup de Grace*.
O that near *Xanthus* Banks you had but dwelt,
When *Ilium* first *Achaian* Fury felt,
The Flood had curs'd young *Peleus'* Arm in vain,
For troubling his choak'd Streams with Heaps of slain.
No Trophies you had left for *Greeks* to raise,
Their Ten Years Toil, you'd finish'd in Ten Days.

Fate smiles on your Attempts, and when you list,
In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave resist.
Then let us Arm, we need not fear Success,
No Labours are too hard for *Hercules*.
Our military Ensigns we'll display;
Conquest pursues, where Courage leads the Way.

To this Design shrill *Querpo* did agree,
A stubborn Member of the Faculty;
His Sire's pretended pious Steps he treads,
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint succeeds.
A Conventicle flesh'd his greener Years,
And his full Age th'envenom'd Rancour shares.
Thus Boys hatch Game-Eggs under Birds o' Prey,
To make the Fowl more furious for the Fray.

Good *Carus* next discover'd his Intent,
With much ado explaining what he meant.

His

His Spirits stagnate like *Cocitus'* Flood,
 And nought but Calentures can warm his Blood.
 In his chill Veins the sluggish Puddle flows,
 And loads with lazy Fogs his fable Brows.
 Legions of Lunaticks about him press,
 His Province is lost Reason to redress.
 So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o're,
 Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, restore.
 When for Advice the Vulgar throng, he's found
 With lumber of vile Books besieg'd around.
 The gazing Fry acknowledge their Surprise,
 Consulting less their Reason than their Eyes.
 Well he perceives it stands in greater stead,
 To furnish out his Classes, than his Head.
 Thus a weak State, by wise Distrust enclines
 To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines.
 So Fools are always most profuse of Words,
 And Cowards never fail of longest Swords.

Aban-

Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet,
And from the World, to Dust and Worms retreat.
Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign,
Refuse of Fairs, and Gleanings of *Duck-Lane*.
And up these Shelves much *Gothick* Lumber climbs,
With *Swiss* Philosophy, and *Runick* Rhimes.
Hither, retriev'd from *Cooks* and *Grocers*, come
M——Works entire, and endless Reams of *Bl—m*.
Where would the long-neglected *C*——s fly,
If bounteous *Carus* shou'd refuse to buy?
But each vile Scribler's happy on this score,
He'll find some *Carus* still to read him o're.

Nor must we the obsequious *Umbra* spare,
Who, soft by Nature, yet declar'd for War.
But when some Rival Pow'r invades a Right,
Flies set on Flies, and Turtles Turtles fight.

Else courteous *Umbra* to the last had been
Demurely meek, insipidly serene.

With Him, the Present still some Virtues have,
The Vain are sprightly, and the Stupid, grave:
The Slothful, negligent; the Foppish, neat;
The Lewd are airy; and the Sly, discreet.

A Wren an Eagle, a Baboon a Beau;

C——t a *Lycurgus*, and a *Phocion*, R——e.

Heroick Ardour now th' Assembly warms,
Each Combatant breaths nothing but Alarms.
For Future Glory, while the Scheme is laid,
Fam'd *Horoscope* thus offers to dissuade;

Since of each Enterprize th' Event's unknown,
We'll quit the Sword, and harken to the Gown.
Nigh lives *Vagellius*, one reputed long
For Strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue.

At pleasure he can mould the passive Cause;
The Worst has Merits, and the Best has Flaws.
Five Guinea's make a Criminal to Day,
And Ten to Morrow wipe the Stain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the Lecher, *Clodius* th' Homicide.
Cato pernicious, *Cataline* a Saint,
Or——*d* suspected, *D——b* innocent.
Let's then to Law, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our Mony, shall succeed.
Know, when I first invok'd *Disease* by Charms
To prove propitious to our future Arms;
Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend,
Nor wou'd the *Sybil* from her *Grott* ascend.

As *Horoscope* urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a *Bard*;

In vain your Magick Myſteries you uſe,
 Such Sounds the *Sybil's* ſacred Ears abuſe.
 Theſe Lines the pale Divinity ſhall raiſe,
 Such is the Pow'r of Sound, and Force of Lays.

(*clash,*)
Arms meet with Arms, Fauchions with Fauchions
And ſparks of Fire ſtruck out from Armour ſlaſh.
Thick Clouds of Duſt contending Warriors raiſe,
And hideous War o'er all the Region brays.
Some raging ran with huge Herculean Clubs,
Some maſſy Balls of Braſs, ſome mighty Tubſ
Of Cynders bore.——

Naked and half-burnt Hills with hideous Wreck
Affright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's Back.

As he went rumbling on, the *Fury* ſtrait
 Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd ſcarce ſupport her Weight.

A noisom Rag her pensive Temples bound,
And faintly her parch'd Lips these Accents found.

Mortal, how dar'st thou with such Lines address
My awful Seat, and trouble my Recess?
In *Essex* Marshy Hundreds is a Cell,
Where lazy Fogs, and drizzling Vapours dwell:
Thither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair,
And shiv'ring Quartans shake the sickly Air.
There, when fatigu'd, some silent Hours I pass,
And substitute Physicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
The Dissonance of such unequal Verse.
But in your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound.
Harsh Words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear,
None please the Fancy, who offend the Ear.

In Sense and Numbers if you wou'd excel,

Read *W*——, consider *D*——den well.

In one, what vig'rous Turns of Fancy shine,

In th' other, *Syrens* warble in each Line.

If *D*——set's sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre,

The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in soft Desire,

And little *Loves* confess their am'rous Fire.

The gentle *Isis* claims the Ivy Crown,

To bind th' immortal Brows of *A*——son.

As tuneful *C*——greve tries his rural Strains,

Pan quits the Woods, the list'ning Fawns the Plains;

And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains.

And *Britain*, since *Pausanias* was writ,

Knows *Spartan* Virtue, and *Athenian* Wit.

When *St*—— paints the Godlike Acts of Kings,

Or, what *Apollo* dictates, *P*—— sings:

The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention show,

And Silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

Such

Such juſt Examples carefully read o'er,
Slide without falling, without ſtraining fore.
Oft tho' your Stroaks ſurprize, you ſhou'd not chuſe
A Theme ſo mighty for a Virgin Muſe.
Long did *Apelles* his Fam'd Piece decline,
His *Alexander* was his laſt Deſign.
'Tis *M——gue*'s rich Vein alone muſt prove,
None but a *Phidias* ſhou'd attempt a *Jove*.

The Fury paus'd, 'till with a frightful Sound
A riſing Whirlwind burſt th' unhallow'd Ground.
Then ſhe —— The Deity we *Fortune* call,
Tho' diſtant, rules and influences all.
Strait for her Favour to her Court repair,
Important Embaſſies claim Wings of Air.

Each wond'ring flood, but *Horoscope's* great Soul
That Dangers ne'er alarm, nor Doubts control;
Rais'd on the Pinions of the bounding Wind,
Out-flew the Rack, and left the Hours behind.

The Ev'ning now with Blushes warms the Air,
The Steer resigns the Yoke, the Hind his Care.
The Clouds aloft with golden Edgings glow,
And falling Dews refresh the Flow'rs below.
The Bat with footy Wings flits thro' the Grove,
The Reeds scarce rustle, nor the Aspine move,
And all the feather'd Folks forbear their Lays of love.
Thro' the transparent Region of the Skies,
Swift as a Wish the Missionary flies.
With Wonder he surveys the upper Air,
And the gay gilded Meteors sporting there.

How lambent Jellies kind'ling in the Night,
Shoot thro' the *Æther* in a Trail of Light.
How rising Steams in th' azure Fluid blend,
Or fleet in Clouds, or in soft Show'rs descend;
Or if the stubborn Rage of Cold prevail,
In Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail.
How Hony Dews embalm the fragrant Morn,
And the fair Oak with luscious Sweats adorn.
How Heat and Moisture mingle in a Mass,
Or belch in Thunder, or in Light'ning blaze.
Why nimble Coruscations strike the Eye,
And bold *Tornado's* bluster in the Sky.
Why a prolifick *Aura* upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living Show'r descends.
How Vapours hanging on the tow'ring Hills
In Breezes sigh, or weep in warbling Rills
Whence Infant Winds their tender Pinions try,
And River Gods their thirsty Urns supply.

The wond'ring Sage pursues his airy Flight,
 And braves the chill unwholsom Damps of Night;
 He views the Tracts where Luminaries rove,
 To settle Seasons here, and Fates above,
 The bleak *Arcturus* still forbid the Seas,
 The stormy *Kidds*, the weeping *Hyades*:
 The shining * *Lyre* with Strains attracting more
 Heav'n's glitt'ring Mansions now, than Hell's before.
 Glad *Cassiopeia* circling in the Sky,
 And each bright CHURCHILL of the Galaxy.

Aurora on *Etesian* Breezes born,
 With blushing Lips breaths out the sprightly Morn;
 Each Flow'r in Dew their short-liv'd Empire weeps,
 And *Cynthia* with her lov'd *Endymion* sleeps.
 As thro' the Gloom the *Magus* cuts his Way,
 Imperfect Objects tell the doubtful Day.

* *Orpheus's Harp made a Constellation.*

Dim he discerns Majestick *Atlas* rise,
And bend beneath the Burthen of the Skies.
His tow'ring Brows aloft no Tempests know,
Whilst Light'ning flies, and Thunder rolls below.

Distant from hence, beyond a Waste of Plains,
Proud *Teneriff* his Giant Brother reigns;
With breathing Fire his pitchy Nostrils glow,
As from his Sides he shakes the fleecy Snow.
Around their hoary Prince, from wat'ry Beds,
His Subject Islands raise their verdant Heads;
The Waves so gently wash each rising Hill
The Land seems floating, and the Ocean still.

Eternal Spring with smiling Verdure here
Warms the mild Air, and crowns the youthful Year.
From Crystal Rocks transparent Riv'lets flow,
The Rose still blushes, and the Vi'lets blow.

The Vine undress'd her swelling Clusters bears,
 The lab'ring Hind the mellow Olive cheers;
 Blossoms and Fruit at once the Citron shows,
 And as she pays, discovers still she owes.

And the glad Orange courts the am'rous Maid
 With golden Apples, and a filken Shade.

No Blasts e'er discompose the peaceful Sky,
 The Springs but murmur, and the Winds but sigh.
 The tuneful Swans on gliding Rivers float,
 And warbling Dirges, die on ev'ry Note.

Where *Flora* treads her *Zephyr* Garlands flings,
 Shaking rich Odours from his Purple Wings;
 And Birds from Woodbine Bow'rs and Jesmin Groves
 Chaunt their glad Nuptials, and unenvy'd Loves.
 Mild Seasons, rising Hills, and silent Dales,
 Cool Grotto's, Silver Brooks, and flow'ry Vales,
 In this bless'd Climate all the circling Year prevails.

These

These happy Isles, where endless Pleasures wait,
Are stil'd, by tuneful Bards — The *Fortunate*.
On high, where no hoarse Winds nor Clouds resort,
The hoodwink'd Goddess keeps her partial Court.
Upon a Wheel of *Amethest* she sits,
Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.
In this still Labyrinth, around her lye
Spells, Philters, Globes, and Schemes of Palmistry:
A *Sigil* in this Hand the *Gypsie* bears,
In th' other a prophetick Sive and Sheers.

The Dame by Divination knew that soon
The *Magus* wou'd appear — and then begun
Hail, sacred Seer! thy Embassie I know,
Wars must ensue, the Fates will have it so.
Dread Feats shall follow, and Disasters great,
Pills charge on Pills, and Bolus Bolus meet:

Both Sides shall conquer, and yet Both shall fall;
The Mortar now, and then the Urinal.

To Thee alone my Influence I owe;
Where Nature has deny'd, my Favours flow.
'Tis I that give (so mighty is my Pow'r)
Faith to the *Jew*, Complexion to the *Moor*.
I am the Wretch's Wish, the *Rook's* Pretence,
The Sluggard's Ease, the Coxcomb's Providence.
Sir *Scrape-Quill*, once a supple smiling Slave,
Looks lofty now, and insolently Grave;
Builds, Settles, Purchases, and has each Hour
Caps from the Rich, and Curses from the Poor.
Spadillio, that at Table serv'd o'late,
Drinks rich Tockay himself, and eats in Plate;
Has *Levees*, *Villas*, Mistresses in store,
And owns the Racers which he rubb'd before.

Souls heav'nly born my faithless Boons defy;
The Brave is to himself a Deity.
Tho' blest'd *Astrea's* gone, some Soil remains
Where Fortune is the Slave, and Merit reigns.

The *Tyber* boasts his *Julian* Progeny,
Thames his *Nassau*, the *Nyle* his *Ptolomy*.
Iberia, yet for future Sway design'd,
Shall, for a *Hefs*, a greater *Mordaunt* find.
Thus *Ariadne* in proud Triumph rode,
She lost a * Heroe, and she found a † God.

* Theseus.

† Bacchus.

T H E

T H E

Dispensary.

C A N T O V.

W

 Hen the still Night, with peaceful Poppies
 Had spread her shady Pinions o'er the Ground;
 And slumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
 While Groves and Streams are the soft Virgin's Theme.
 The Surges gently dash against the Shoar,
 Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar.
 Sleep shakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes,
Mirmillo is the only Wretch it flies.
 No Respite he can find from anxious Grief;
 Then seeks, from this Soliloquy, Relief.

Long

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town,
 Cumber'd with Fees, and glutted with Renown.
 None e'er cou'd die with due Solemnity,
 Unless his Pass-port first were sign'd by Me.
 My arbitrary Bounty's undeny'd;
 I give Reversions, and for Heirs provide.
 None cou'd the tedious Nuptial State support;
 But I, to make it easie, make it short.
 I set the discontented Matrons free,
 And ransom Husbands from Captivity.
 Shall One of such Importance now engage
 In noise Riot, and in Civil Rage?
 No, I'll endeavour strait a Peace, and so
 Preserve my Character, and Person too.

But *Discord*, that still haunts with hideous Mien
 Those dire Abodes where *Hymen* once has been,

O'er-

O'er-heard *Mirmillo's* Anguish, then begun
In fullen Accents to express her own.

Have I so often banish'd lazy *Peace*
From her dark Solitude, and lov'd Recefs?
Have I made *S——th* and *Sh——ck* disagree,
And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obscurity?
And does my faithful *F——son* profess
His Ardour still for Animosities?
Have I, *Britannia's* Safety to insure,
Expos'd her naked, to be more secure?
Have I made Parties opposite, unite,
In monstrous Leagues of amicable Spight
To curse their Country, whilst the common Cry
Is *Freedom*, but their Aim, the *Ministry*?
And shall a Dastard's Cowardise prevent
The War, so long I've labour'd to foment?

No,

No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan Divinity.

With that, the *Hag* approach'd *Mirmillo's* Bed,
And taking *Querpo's* meager Shape, She said;

At dead o'Night I hasten, to dispel
Those Tumults in your pensive Bosom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving Sighs,
Nay, saw the Tears debating in your Eyes.
O that 'twere but a Dream! But sure I find
Storms in your Looks, and Terror in your Mind.
Speak, whence it is this late Disorder flows,
That shakes your Soul, and troubles your Repose.
Mistakes in Practice scarce cou'd give you Pain,
Too well you know the Dead will ne'er complain.

What

What Looks discover, said the Homicide,
 Wou'd be a fruitless Industry to hide.
 My Safety first I must consult, and then
 I'll serve our suff'ring Party with my Pen.

All shou'd, reply'd the Hag, their Talent learn;
 The most attempting oft the least discern.
 Let *P——b* speak, and *V——k* write,
 Soft *Acon* court, and rough *Cæcinna* fight:
 Such must succeed; but when th' Enervate aim
 Beyond their Force, they still contend for Shame.
 Had *C——* printed nothing of his own,
 He had not been the *S——fold* o' the Town.
 Asses and Owls, unseen, themselves betray,
 If These attempt to Hoot, or Those to Bray.
 Had *W——* never aim'd in Verse to please,
 We had not rank'd him with our *Ogilbys*.

Still

Still Cenfures will on dull Pretenders fall,
A *Codrus* fhould expect a *Juvenal*.
Ill Lines, but like ill Paintings, are allow'd,
To fet off, and to recommend the good.
So *Diamonds* take a Luftre from their Foyle;
And to a *B*——*ly* 'tis, we owe a *B*——*le*.

Confider well the Talent you poffefs,
To ftrive to make it more would make it lefs;
And recollect what Gratitude is due,
To thofe whose Party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd Magnificence,
But to your Stars your Penury of Senfe.
Hafpt in a Tombril, aukward have you fhin'd
With one fat Slave before, and none behind.
But Thofe that can exalt, can foon difcard;
And fet up *Carus*, or the City *Bard*.

Alarm'd at this, the *Heroe* Courage took,
And Storms of Terror threaten'd in his Look,
My dread Resolves, he cry'd, I'll strait pursue;
The *Fury* nodded, and in Smiles withdrew.

In boding Dreams *Mirmillo* spent the Night,
And frightful Phantoms danc'd before his Sight.
At length gay Morn smiles in the Eastern Sky,
From rising silent Graves the *Sextons* fly.
The rising Mists scud o'er the dewy Lawns,
The *Chaunter* at his early Matins yawns.
The *V'lets* ope their Buds, *Cowslips* their Bells,
And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells.

As bold *Mirmillo* the gray Dawn descries,
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, where Honour calls, he flies,

And finds the Legions planted at their Post;
Where mighty *Querpo* charm'd the Eye the most.
His Arms were made, if we may credit Fame,
By *Mulciber*, the Mayor of *Bromingham*.
Of temper'd *Stibium* the bright Shield was cast,
And yet the Work the Metal far surpass'd.
A Foliage of dissembl'd *Senna* Leaves,
Grav'd round the Brim, the wond'ring Sight deceives.
Emboss'd upon the Field, a Battel stood
Of *Leeches* spouting *Hemorrhoidal* Blood.
The Artist too express'd the solemn State
Of grave *Physicians* at a Consult met;
About each Symptom how they disagree,
But how unanimous in case of Fee.
Whilst one *Assassin* his learn'd Colleague tires
With quaint Impertinence, the Sick expires.

Beneath

Beneath this Blazing Orb bright *Querpo* shone,
 Himself an *Atlas*, and his Shield a Moon.
 A Pestle for his Truncheon led the Van,
 And his high Helmet was a Close-stool Pan.
 His Crest an † *Ibis*, brandishing her Beak,
 And winding in loose Folds her spiral Neck.
 This, when the Young *Querpoides* beheld,
 His Face in Nurse's Breast the Boy conceal'd;
 Then peept, and with th'effulgent Helm wou'd play,
 And as the Monster gap'd wou'd shrink away.
 Thus sometimes Joy prevail'd, and sometimes Fear;
 And Tears and Smiles alternate Passions were.

As *Querpo* tow'ring stood in Martial Might,
 Pacifick *Carus* sparkl'd on the Right.
 An * *Oran Outang* o'er his Shoulders hung,
 His Plume confess'd the Capon whence it sprung.

† This Bird, according to the Ancients, gives it self a Clyster with its Beak.

* The Skin of a dissected Baboon call'd so.

His motly Mail scarce cou'd the Heroe bear,
Haranguing thus the Tribunes of the War.

Fam'd Chiefs,

For present Triumphs born, design'd for more,
Your Virtue I admire, your Valour more.
If Battel be resolv'd, you'll find this Hand
Can deal out Destiny, and Fate command.
Our Foes in Throngs shall hide the Crimfon Plain,
And their *Apollo* interpose in vain.
Tho' Gods themselves engage, a *Diamed*
With ease cou'd shew a Deity can bleed.

But War's rough Trade shou'd be by Fools profest,
The grossest Rubbish fills a Trench the best.
Let Quinsies throttle, and the Quartan shake,
Or Dropsies drown, and Gout and Colicks rack;

Let Sword and Pestilence lay waste, whilst we
 Wage bloodless Wars, and fight in Theory.
 Who wants not Merit needs not arm for Fame;
 The Dead I raise my Chivalry proclaim.
 Diseases baffl'd, and lost Health restor'd,
 In Fame's bright List my Victories record.
 More Lives from me their Preservation own,
 Than Lovers lose if Fair *Cornelia* frown.

Your Cures, shrill *Querpo* cry'd, aloud you tell,
 But wisely your Miscarriages conceal.
Zeno, a Priest, in *Samothrace* of old,
 Thus reason'd with *Philopidas* the bold;
 Immortal Gods you own, but think 'em blind
 To what concerns the State of Human Kind.
 Either they hear not, or regard not Pray'r,
 That argues want of Pow'r, and This of Care.

Allow that Wisdom infinite must know ;
Pow'r infinite must act. *I grant it so.*

Haste strait to *Neptune's* Fane, survey with Zeal
The Walls. *What then?* reply'd the Infidel.
Observe those num'rous Throngs in Effigy,
The Gods have sav'd from the devouring Sea.
*'Tis true, their Pictures that escap'd you keep,
But where are Theirs that perish'd in the Deep?*

Vaunt now no more the Triumphs of your Skill,
But, tho' unfeed, exert your Arm, and kill.
Our Scouts have learn'd the Posture of the Foe;
In War, Surprizes surest Conduct show.

But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That *Pembroke's* Worth, and *Ormond's* Valour tells.
How Truth in *Benting*, how in *Candish* reigns
Varro's Magnificence with *Maro's* Strains.

But

But how at Church and Bar all gape and stretch
 If *W*—— plead, or *S*—— or *O*——ly preach,
 On nimble Wings to *Warwick-Lane* repairs,
 And what the Enemy intends, declares.
 Confusion in each Countenance appear'd,
 A Council's call'd, and *Stentor* first was heard;
 His lab'ring Lungs the throng'd *Prætorium* rent,
 Addressing thus the passive President.

Machaon, whose Experience we adore,
 Great as your matchless Merits, is your Pow'r.
 At your Approach, the baffl'd Tyrant *Death*
 Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his clashing Teeth.
 To you we leave the Conduct of the Day;
 What you command, your Vassals must obey.
 If this dread Enterprize you wou'd decline,
 We'll send to treat, and stifle the Design.



But if my Arguments had force, we'd try
To scatter our audacious Foes, or die.
He had not finish'd, 'till th' Out-guards descry'd
Bright Columns move in formidable Pride.
The passing Pomp so dazzl'd from afar,
It seem'd a Triumph, rather than a War.
Tho' wide the Front, tho' gross the *Phalanx* grew,
It look'd less dreadful as it nearer drew.

The adverse Host for Action strait prepare;
All eager to unveil the Face of War.
Their Chiefs lace on their Helms, and take the Field,
And to their trusty Squires resign their Shield:
To paint each Knight, their Ardour and Alarms,
Wou'd ask the Muse that sung the Frogs in Arms.

And now the Signal summons to the Fray;
Mock Falchions flash, and paltry Ensigns play.

Their

Their Patron God his silver Bow-string twangs;
Tough Harness rustles, and bold Armour clangs.
The piercing *Causticks* ply their spiteful Pow'r;
Emeticks ranch, and keen *Catharticks* scour.
The deadly Drugs in double Doses fly;
And Pestles peal a martial Symphony.

Now from their levell'd *Syringes* they pour
The liquid Volly of a missive Show'r.
Not Storms of Sleet, which o'er the *Baltick* drive,
Push'd on by *Northern* Gusts, such Horror give.
Like Spouts in *Southern* Seas the Deluge broke,
And Numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous Stroke.

So when *Leviathans* dispute the Reign
And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main;
From the rent Rocks whole *Coral* Groves are torn,
And Isles of *Sea-weed* on the Waves are born.

Such

Such watry Stores from their spread Nostrils fly,
 'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky.

And now the stagging *Braves*, led by Despair,
 Advance, and to return the Charge, prepare.
 Each seizes for his Shield a spacious *Scale*,
 And the *Brass Weights* fly thick as Show'rs of Hail.
 Whole Heaps of Warriors welter on the Ground,
 With Gally-Pots, and broken Phials crown'd;
 Whilst empty Jarrs the dire Defeat resound.

Thus when some Storm its Crystal Quarry rends,
 And *Jove* in ratling Show'rs of *Ice* descends;
 Mount *Athos* shakes the Forests on his Brow,
 Whilst down his wounded Sides fresh Torrents flow,
 And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er-spread the Vale
 [below.]

But

But now, all Order lost, promiscuous Blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the Battel grows.
From *Stentor's* Arm a massy Opiat flies,
And strait a deadly Sleep clos'd *Carus' Eyes*.
At *Colon* great *Sertorius* Rhubarb flung,
Who with fierce Gripes, like those of Death, was stung;
But with a dauntless and disdainful Mien
Hurl'd back Steel Pills, and hit him on the Spleen.
Chiron attack'd *Talthibius* with such Might,
One Pass had paunch'd the huge hydropick Knight,
Who strait retreated to evade the Wound,
But in a Flood of *Apozem* was drown'd.
This *Psylas* saw, and to the Victor said,
Thou shalt not long survive th'unweildy Dead,
Thy Fate shall follow; then to confirm it, swore
By th'Image of *Priapus*, which he bore;

And

And rais'd an *Eagle stone*, invoking loud
On *Cynthia*, leaning o'er a Silver Cloud,

Great Queen of Night, and Empress of the Seas,
If faithful to thy Midnight Mysteries,
If still observant of my early Vows,
These Hands have eas'd the mourning Matron's [Throws;
Direct this rais'd avenging Arm aright,
So may loud Cymbals aid thy lab'ring Light.
He said, and let the pond'rous Fragment fly
At *Chiron*, but learn'd *Hermes* put it by.

Tho' the haranguing God survey'd the War,
That Day the Muses Sons were not his Care.
Two Friends, Adepts, the *Trismegists* by Name,
Alike their Features, and alike their Flame.
As simpling ne'er fair *Tweed* each sung by turn,
The liff'ning River wou'd neglect his Urn.

Those

Those Lives They fail'd to rescue by their Skill,
 Their Muse cou'd make immortal with her Quill.
 But learn'd Enquiries after Nature's State
 Dissolv'd the League, and kindl'd a Debate.
 The One, for lofty Labours fruitful known,
 Fill'd Magazines with Volumes of his own.
 At his once-favour'd Friend a Tome he threw
 That from its Birth had slept unseen till now.
 Stunn'd with the Blow the batter'd Bard retir'd,
 Sunk down, and in a *Simile* expir'd.

And now the Cohorts shake, the Legions ply,
 The yielding Flanks confess the Victory.
Stentor undaunted still, with noble Rage
 Sprung thro' the Battel, *Querpo* to engage.
 Fierce was the Onset, the Dispute was great,
 Both cou'd not vanquish, Neither would retreat;

Each Combatant his Adversary mauls
With batter'd *Bed-pans*, and stav'd *Urinals*.
But whilst bold *Stentor* (as late Rumors tell)
Design'd a fatal Stroke, the Heroe fell;
And as the Victor hov'ring o'er him stood,
With Arms extended, thus the *Suppliant* su'd.

When Honour's lost, 'tis a Relief to die;
Death's but a sure Retreat from Infamy.
But to the lost, if Pity might be shown,
Reflect on young *Querpoides* thy Son;
Then pity mine, for such an Infant-Grace
Sports in his Eyes, and flatters in his Face.
If he was near, Compassion he'd create,
Or else lament his wretched Parent's Fate.
Thine is the Glory, and the Field is thine;
To Thee the lov'd *Dispens'ry* I resign.

The Chief at this the deadly Stroak declin'd,
 And found Compassion pleading in his Mind.
 But whilst he view'd with Pity the Distress'd,
 He spy'd * *Signetur* writ upon his Breast.
 Then tow'rds the Skies he tofs'd his threatning Head,
 And fir'd with more than mortal Fury, said

Sooner than I'll from vow'd Revenge desist,
 His *Holiness* shall turn a *Quietist*.
 The *Jesuit* and *Jansenists* agree,
 The Inquisition wink at Heresie.
 Faith stand unshook thro' *St*——*fler's* Defence;
 And *L—k* for Mystery abandon Sense.

With that he drew a Lancet in full Rage,
 To puncture the still supplicating Sage.

* *Those Members of the College that observe a late Statute, are call'd by the Apothecaries Signetur Men.*

But

But while his Thoughts that fatal Act decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of Fee.

The *Chief* great *Paan's* golden Tresses knew,
He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew.

Thus often at the *Temple-Stairs* we've seen
Two Tritons of a rough Athletick Mien,
Sourly dispute some Quarrel of the Flood,
With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd in Blood;
But at the first Appearance of a Fare,
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

The Heroe so his Enterprize recalls,
His Fist unclinchs, and the Weapon falls.

T H E

Dispensary.

C A N T O VI.

WHile the shrill Clangour of the Battel rings,
 Auspicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephir's* Wings;
 She seem'd a Cherub most divinely bright,
 More soft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.
 A Charm she takes from each excelling Fair,
 And borrows *C——le's* Shape, and *G——ton's* Air.
 Her Eyes like *R——agh's* their Beams dispense,
 With *Ch——ill's* Bloom, and *B——kley's* Innocence;
 From her bright Lips a vocal Musick falls,
 As to *Machaon* thus the Goddess calls.

H

Enough

Enough th' Atchievement of your Arms ^{[shown,} you've
 You seek a Triumph you shou'd blush to own.
 Haste to th' *Elysian* Fields, those blest'd Abodes,
 Where *Harvy* sits among the Demi-Gods.
 Consult that sacred Sage, soon He'll disclose
 The Method that must terminate these Woes.
 Let *Celsus* for that Enterprize prepare,
 His Conduct to the Shades shall be my Care.

Aghast the Heroes stood dissolv'd in Fear,
 A Form so Heav'nly bright They cou'd not bear ;
Celsus alone unmov'd, the Sight beheld,
 The rest in pale Confusion left the Field.

So when the Pigmies, marshall'd on the Plains,
 Wage puny War against th' invading Cranes;

The Poppets to their Bodkin Spears repair,
 And scatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air;
 But when the bold imperial Bird of *Jove*
 Stoops on his founding Pinions from above,
 Among the Brakes the Fairy Nation crowds,
 And the *Strimonian* Squadron seeks the Clouds.

And now the Delegate prepares to go
 And view the Wonders of the Realms below;
 Then takes *Amomum* for the Golden Bough.
 Thrice did the Goddess with her Sacred Wand
 The Pavement strike; and strait at her Command
 The willing Surface opens, and descends
 A deep Descent that leads to nether Skies.

* *Hygeia* to the silent Region tends;
 And with his Heav'nly Guide the *Charge* descends.

* *Health, celebrated by the Ancients as a Goddess,*

H. 2

Within

Within the Chambers of the Globe they spy
The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lye,
'Till the glad Summons of a Genial Ray
Unbinds the Glebe, and calls them out to Day.
Hence *Pancies* trick themselves in various Hew;
And hence *Junquils* derive their fragrant Dew
Hence the *Carnation* and the bashful *Rose*
Their Virgin Blushes to the Morn disclose.
Hence the chaste *Lilly* rises to the Light,
Unveils her snowy Breasts, and charms the Sight.
Hence Arbours are with twining Greens array'd,
T'oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.
And hence on *Daphne's* Laurel'd Forehead grow
Immortal Wreaths for *Phæbus* and *Nassau*.

The Insects here their lingring Trance survive:
Benumb'd they seem, and doubtful if alive.

From

From Winter's Fury hither they repair,
And stay for milder Skies and softer Air.
Down to these Cells obscener Reptils creep,
Where hateful *Nutes* and painted *Lizzards* sleep.
Where shiv'ring *Snakes* the Summer Solstice wait;
Unfurl their painted Folds, and slide in State.

Now, those profounder Regions They explore,
Where Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Oar.
Here, fullen to the Sight, at large is spread
The dull unweildy Mass of lumpish Lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are seen
The more aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin.
The Copper sparkles next in ruddy Streaks;
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
The Silver then with bright and burnish'd Grace,
Youth and a blooming Lustre in its Face,

To th' Arms of those more yielding Metals flies,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lyes.
So close they cling, so stubbornly retire;
Their Love's more violent than the Chymist's Fire.

Near These the Delegate with Wonder spies
Where Floods of living Silver serpentize:
Where richest Metals their bright Looks put on,
And Golden Streams thro' Amber Channels run.
Where Light's gay God descends to ripen Gems,
And lend a Lustre brighter than his Beams.

Here he observes the Subterranean Cells,
Where wanton Nature sports in idle Shells;
Some *Helicoeids*, some *Conical* appear;
These, Miters emulate; Those, Turbans are.
Here Marcasites in various Figure wait,
To ripen to a true Metallick State:

Till

'Till Drops that from impending Rocks descend
Their Substance petrifie, and Progreſs end.
Nigh, livid Seas of kindl'd Sulphur flow;
And, whilſt enrag'd, their Fiery Surges glow:
Convulſions in the lab'ring Mountains riſe,
And hurl their melted Vitals to the Skies.

He views with Horror next the noiſie Cave,
Where with hoarſe dinm imprifon'd Tempeſts rave:
Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.
The warring Winds unmov'd *Hygeia* heard,
Brav'd their lou'd Jars, but much for *Celfus* fear'd.
Andromeda, ſo whilſt her Heroe fought
Shook for his Danger, but her own forgot.

And now the Goddeſs with her Charge deſcends,
Where ſcarce one chearful Glimpſe their Steps befriends .

Here his forsaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps;
And undisturb'd by Form, in Silence sleeps.
A grisly Wight, and hideous to the Eye;
An aukward Lump of shapeless Anarchy.
With fordid Age his Features are defac'd;
His Lands unpeopl'd, and his Countries waste.
To these dark Realms much learned Lumber creeps,
There copious *M*—— safe in Silence sleeps
Where Mushroom Libels in Oblivion lye,
And, soon as born, like other Monsters die.
Upon a Couch of *Jett* in these Abodes,
Dull *Night*, his melancholy Consort, nods.
No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ;
But their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy.

Nigh this Recess, with Terror they survey
Where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannick Sway;

In the close Covert of a Cypress Grove,
Where *Goblins* frisk, and airy *Spectres* rove,
Yawns a dark Cave, most formidably wide;
And there the *Monarch's* Triumphs are descry'd.
Confus'd, and wildly huddl'd to the Eye,
The Beggar's Pouch, and Prince's Purple lye.
Dim Lamps with sickly Rays scarce seem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful Moans, and Tears o'er-flow.
Old mouldring Urns, pale Fear, and dark Distress
Make up the frightful Horror o' the Place.

Within its dreadful Jaws those Furies wait,
Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.
* *Febris* is first: The *Hag* relentless hears
The Virgin's Sighs; and sees the Infant's Tears.
In her parch'd Eye-balls fiery *Meteors* reign;
And restless Ferments revel in each Vein.

* *Fever.*

Then

Then * *Hydrops* next appears amongst the Throng;
 Bloated, and big, she slowly sails along.
 But, like a Miser, in Excess she's poor;
 And pines for Thirst amidst her wat'ry Store.

Now loathsome † *Lepra*, that offensive Spright,
 With foul Eruptions stain'd, offends the Sight.
 Still deaf to Beauty's soft-persuading Pow'r:
 Nor can bright *Hebe's* Charms her Bloom secure.

Whilst meager § *Phthisis* gives a silent Blow;
 Her Stroaks are sure; but her Advances slow.
 No loud Alarms, nor fierce Assaults are shown:
 She starves the *Fortress* first; then takes the *Town*.
 Behind stood Crouds of much inferior Name,
 Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name;

* Dropsie. † Leprosie. § Consumption.

The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny:
Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

Now *Celfus*, with his glorious Guide, invades
The silent Region of the fleeting Shades:
Where Rocks and ruful Defarts are descry'd;
And fullen *Styx* rolls down his lazy Tide.
Then shews the Ferry-man the Plant he bore,
And claims his Passage to the further Shore.
To whom the *Stygian Pilot* smiling, said,
You need no Pass-port to demand our Aid.
Physicians never linger on this Strand:
Old *Charon's* present still at their Command.
Our awful Monarch and his Confort owe
To Them the Peopling of their Realms below.
Then in his swarthy Hand he grasp'd his Oar,
Receiv'd his Guests aboard, and shov'd from Shoar.

Now,

Now, as the Goddeſs and her Charge prepare
To breath the Sweets of ſoft *Elyſian* Air,
Upon the Left they ſpy a penſive Shade,
Who on his bended Arm had rais'd his Head:
Pale Grief ſate heavy on his mournful Look:
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus *Celfus* ſpoke:

Tell me, Thou much afflicted Shade, why Sighs
Burſt from your Breaf, and Torrents from your Eyes:
And who thoſe mangl'd *Manes* are, which ſhow
A fullen Satisfaction at your Woe?

Since, ſaid the Ghoſt, with Pity you'll attend,
Know, I'm *Guiäcum*, once your valu'd Friend.
And on this barren Beach in Diſcontent
Am doom'd to ſtay, 'till th'angry Pow'rs relent.

Thoſe

Those *Spectres* seam'd with Scars that threaten there,
The Victims of my late ill Conduct are.
They vex with endless Clamours my Repose:
This wants his Palate; That demands his Nose:
And here they execute stern *Pluto's* Will,
And ply me ev'ry moment with a Pill.

Then *Celsus* thus: O much-lamented State!
How rigid is the Sentence you relate?
Methinks I recollect your former Air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!
Inspid as your late *Ptisans* you lye,
That once were sprightlier far than *Mercury*.
At the sad Tale you tell, the Poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable Souls asleep.
The unctuous *Larix*, and the healing *Pine*
Lament your Fate in Tears of Turpentine.

But

But still the Off-spring of your Brain shall prove
 The Grocer's Care, and brave the Rage of *Jove*.
 When Bonfires blaze, your vagrant Works shall rise
 In Rockets, 'till they reach the wond'ring Skies.

If Mortals e'er the *Stygian* Pow'rs cou'd bend,
 Entreaties to their awful Seats I'd send.
 But since no human Arts the Fates dissuade;
 Direct me how to find blest'd *Harvy's* Shade.
 In vain th' unhappy Ghost still urg'd his Stay;
 Then rising from the Ground, he shew'd the Way.

Nigh the dull Shoar a shapeless Mountain stood,
 That with a dreadful Frown survey'd the Flood.
 Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on,
 No frisking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone.
 To gain the Summit the bright Goddess try'd,
 And *Celsus* follow'd, by degrees, his Guide.

Th' Ascent

Th' Ascent thus conquer'd, now They tow'r on high,
And taste th' Indulgence of a milder Sky.
Loose *Breezes* on their airy Pinions play,
And with refreshing Sweets perfume the Way.
Cool Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide;
And as They pass, their painted Banks they chide.
These blisful Plains no Blights, nor Mildews fear,
The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here.
The Morn awakes the Tulip from her Bed;
E'er Noon in painted Pride she decks her Head:
Roab'd in rich Dye she triumphs on the Green,
And ev'ry Flow'r does Homage to their Queen.
So when bright *Venus* rises from the Flood,
Around in Throngs the wond'ring *Nereids* crowd;
The *Tritons* gaze, and tune each vocal Shell,
And ev'ry Grace unsung, the Waves conceal.

The

The *Delegate* observes, with wond'ring Eyes,
Ambrosial Dews descend, and Incense rise.
Then hastens onward to the pensive Grove,
The silent Mansion of disastrous Love.
Here Jealousie with Jaundice Looks appears,
And broken Slumbers, and fantastick Fears.
The widow'd Turtle hangs her moulting Wings,
And to the Woods in mournful Murmurs sings.
No Winds but Sighs are there, no Floods but Tears,
Each conscious Tree a Tragick Signal bears.
Their wounded Bark records some broken Vow,
And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.

Olivia here in Solitude he found,
Her down-cast Eyes fix'd on the silent Ground:
Her Drefs neglected, and unbound her Hair,
She seem'd the mournful Image of Despair.

How

How lately did this celebrated *Thing*
Blaze in the Box, and sparkle in the Ring,
'Till the Green-sickness and Love's force betray'd
To Death's remorseless Arms th' unhappy Maid.

All o'er confus'd the guilty Lover stood,
The Light forsook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood;
An Icy Horrour shiver'd in his Look,
As to the cold-complexion'd Nymph He spoke:

Tell me, dear Shade, from whence such anxious Care,
Your Looks disorder'd, and your Bosom bare?
Why thus you languish like a drooping Flow'r.
Crush'd by the weight of some unfriendly Show'r?
Your languid Looks, your late ill Conduct tell;
O that instead of Trash you'd taken Steel!

I *Stabb'd*

Stabb'd with th' unkind Reproach, the Conscious
 Thus to her late insulting Lover said;
 When Ladies listen not to loose Desire,
 You stile our Modesty, our want of Fire.
 Smile or Forbid, Encourage or Reprove,
 You still find Reasons to believe we love:
 Vainly you think a Liking we betray,
 And never mean the peevish Things we say.

Custom, reply'd the Lover, is your Guide,
 Discretion is but Fear, and Honour, Pride.
 To do nice Conduct Right, you Nature wrong;
 Impulses are but weak, where Reason's strong.
 Some want th' Assurance oft, but Few the Flame;
 They like the Thing, That startle at the Name.
 The lonely *Phœnix*, tho' profess'd a Nun,
 Warms into Love, and kindles at the Sun.

Those

Those Tales of spicy Urns and fragrant Fires,
Are but the Emblems of her scorch'd Desires.

Then as he strove to clasp the fleeting *Fair*,
His empty Arms confess'd th' impassive Air.
From his Embrace th' unbody'd Spectre flies,
And as she mov'd, she chid him with her Eyes.

They hasten now to that delightful Plain,
Where the glad *Manes* of the Bless'd remain:
Where *Harvy* gathers Simples to bestow
Immortal Youth on Heroe's Shades below.
Soon as the bright *Hygeia* was in view,
The Venerable Sage her Presence knew.
Thus He ———

Hail, blooming Goddess! Thou propitious Pow'r,
Whose Blessings Mortals next to Life implore.

With so much Lustre your bright Looks endear,
That Cottages are Courts where Those appear.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to Smile or Frown,
Finds Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown.

With just Resentments and Contempt you see
The mean Dissentions of the Faculty;
How your sad sick'ning Art now hangs her Head,
And once a Science, is become a Trade.
Her Sons ne'er rifle her Mysterious Store,
But study Nature less, and Lucre more.

I shew'd of old, how vital Currents glide,
And the *Meanders* of their reflux Tide.
Then, *Willis*, why spontaneous Actions here,
And whence involuntary Motions there:
And how the Spirits, by Mechanick Laws,
In wild Careers, tumultuous Riots cause.

Nor

Nor wou'd our *Wharton*, *Bates*, and *Glisson* lye
In the Abyfs of blind Obscurity.

But now fuch wond'rous Searches are forborn,
And *Pæan*'s Art is by Divifions torn.

Then let your *Charge* attend, and I'll explain
How her loft Health your Science may regain.

Hafte, and the matchlefs *Atticus* Addrefs,
From Heav'n, and great *Naffau* he has the Mace.
Th' opprefs'd to his *Asylum* ftill repair;
Arts he fupports, and Learning is his Care.
He foftens the harfh Rigour of the Laws,
Blunts their keen Edge, and cuts their Harpy Claws;
And graciously he cafts a pitying Eye
On the fad State of virtuous Poverty.
When-e'er he fpeaks, Heav'ns! how the lift'ning Throng
Dwells on the melting Mufick of his Tongue.

His

His Arguments are Emblems of his Mein,
 Mild, but not faint; and forcing, tho' serene;
 And when the Pow'r of Eloquence He'd try,
 Here, Light'ning strikes you; there, soft Breezes sigh.

To him you must your sickly State refer,
 Your Charter claims him as your Visiter.
 Your Wounds he'll close, and sov'reignly restore
 Your Science to the Height it had before.

Then *Nassau's* Health shall be your glorious Aim,
 His Life should be as lasting as His Fame.
 Some Princes Claims from Devastations spring,
 He condescends in pity to be King:
 And when, amidst his *Olives* plac'd, He stands,
 And governs more by Candour than Commands:
 Ev'n then not less a Heroe he appears,
 Than when his *Laurel* Diadem he wears.

Wou'd

Wou'd *Phœbus*, or his *Granvil*, but inspire
 Their sacred Veh'mence of Poetick Fire;
 To celebrate in Song that God-like Pow'r,
 Which did the lab'ring Universe restore;
 Fair *Albion's* Cliffs wou'd Eccho to the Strain,
 And praise the Arm that Conquer'd, to regain
 The Earth's Repose, and Empire o'er the Main.

Still may th' immortal Man his Cares repeat,
 To make his Blessings endless as they're great:
 Whilst *Malice* and *Ingratitude* confess
 They've strove for Ruin long without Success.

Had some fam'd Heroe of the *Latin* Blood,
 Like *Julius* Great, and like *Octavius* Good,
 But thus preserv'd the *Latian* Liberties,
 Aspiring Columns soon had reach'd the Skies:

Loud

Loud *Io*'s the proud Capitol had shook,
And all the Statues of the Gods had spoke.

No more the Sage his Raptures cou'd pursue:
He paus'd; and *Celsus* with his Guide withdrew.

F I N I S.

The Copy of an Instrument Subscribed by the President, Censor, most of the Elects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of the College of Physicians, in relation to the Sick Poor.

W Hereas the several Orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing Medicins gratis to the Poor Sick of the Cities of London and Westminster, and Parts adjacent, as also the Proposals made by the said College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen and Common Council of London, in pursuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no Method hath been taken to furnish the Poor with Medicins for their Cure at low and reasonable Rates; we therefore whose Names are here under-written, Fellows or Members of the said College, being willing effectually to promote so great a Charity, by the Counsel and good Liking of the President and College declared in their Comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige our selves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, Fellow and Elect of the said College, the Sum of Ten Pounds a-piece of Lawful Mony of England, by such Proportions, and at such Times

a

as

as to the major Part of the Subscribers hereto shall seem most convenient: Which Mony when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering Medicins to the Poor at their intrinsick Value, in such Manner, and at such Times, and by such Orders and Directions, as by the major Part of the Subscribers hereto, shall in Writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that Purpose. In Witness whereof we have hereunto set our Hands and Seals this Twenty Second Day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, *Præses.*

Tho. Burwell, *Elect and Censor.*

Sam. Collins, *Elect.*

Edw. Browne, *Elect.*

Rich. Torlefs, *Elect and Censor.*

Edw. Hulfe, *Elect.*

Tho. Gill, *Censor.*

Will. Dawes, *Censor.*

Jo. Hutton.

Rob. Brady.

Hans Sloane.

Rich. Morton.

John Hawys.

Ch. Harel.

Rich. Robinson.

Joh. Bateman.

Walter Mills.

Dan. Coxe.

Henry Sampson.

Thomas Gibson.

Charles Goodall.

Edm. King.

Sam. Garth.

Barnh. Soame.

Denton Nicholas.

Joseph Gaylard.

John Woollaston.

Steph. Hunt.

Oliver Horseman.

Rich. Morton, *Jun.*

David Hamilton.

Hen. Morelli.

Walter Harris.

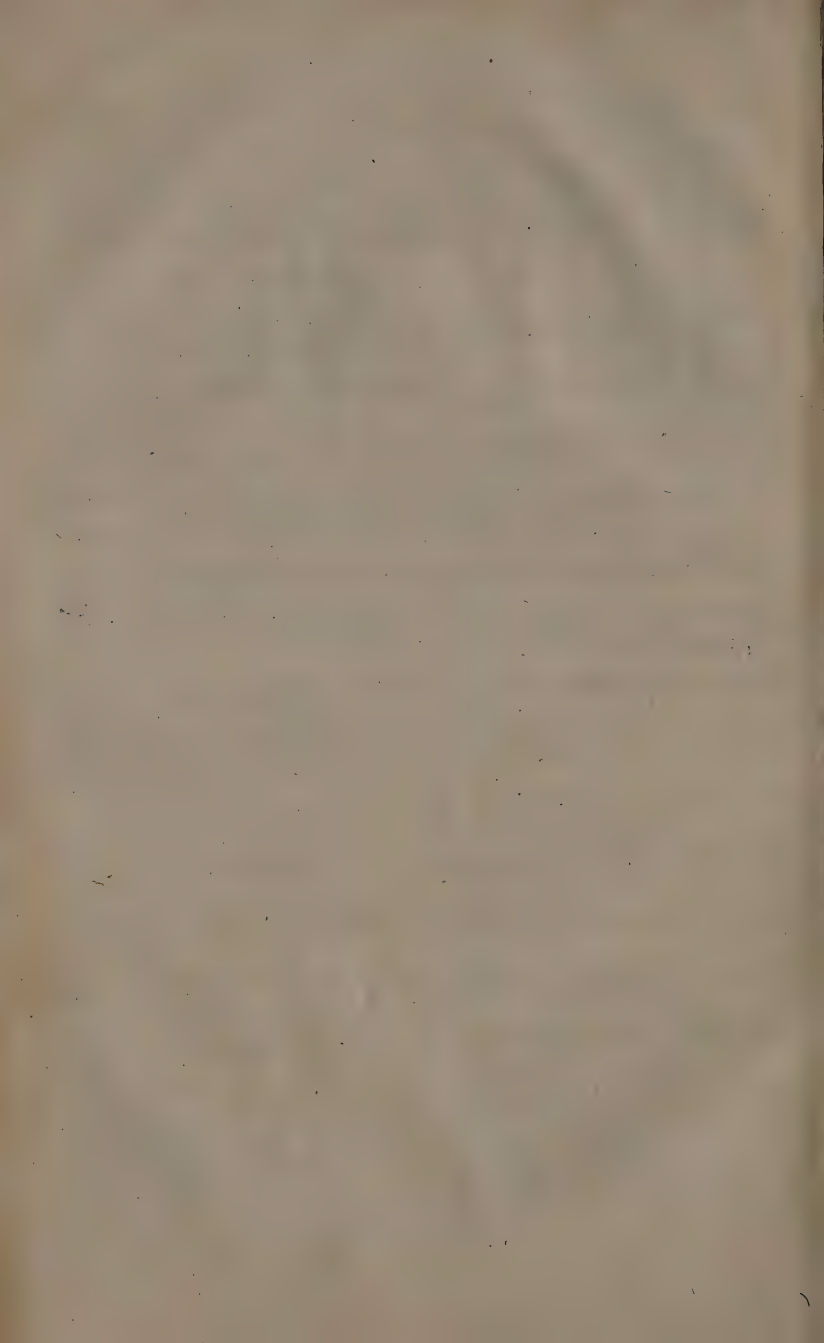
William Briggs.

Th. Col-

Th. Colladon.
Martin Lister.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.
P. Sylvestre.
Cha. Morton.
Walt. Charlton.
Phineas Fowke.

Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward.
..... Norris.
George Colebrock.
Gideon Harvey.

The Design of Printing the Subscribers Names, is to shew, that the late Undertaking has the Sanction of a College Act; and that 'tis not a Project carried on by Five or Six Members, as those that oppose it would unjustly insinuate.



To Dr. G—th, upon the *Dispensary*.

O *H that some Genius, whose Poetick Vein,*
Like M——gue's could a just Piece sustain,
Wou'd search the Græcian and the Latin Store,
And thence present thee with the purest Oar.
In lasting Numbers praise thy whole Design,
And Manly Beauty of each Nervous Line.
Show how your pointed Satyr's Sterling Wit
Does only Knaves, or formal Blockheads hit;
Who're gravely Dull, insipidly Serene,
And carry all their Wisdom in their Mein.
Whom thus expos'd, thus strip'd of their Disguise,
None will again Admire, most will Despise.
Show in what Noble Verse Nassau you sing,
How such a Poet's worthy such a King.

*When S——r's Charming Eloquence you Praise,
How loftily your Tuneful Voice you raise!
But my poor feeble Muse is as unfit
To Praise, as Imitate what you have writ.
Artists alone shou'd venture to Commend
What D——s can't Condemn, nor D——n Mend:
What must, writ with that Fire and with that Ease,
The Beaux, the Ladies and the Criticks please.*

C. BOYLE.

T O M Y
FRIEND the AUTHOR,
Desiring My
Opinion of his P O E M.

ASK me not, Friend, what I Approve or Blame,
Perhaps I know not why I Like, or Damn;
I can be Pleas'd, and I dare own I am.
I read Thee over with a Lover's Eye,
Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy;
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I.
Criticks, and aged Beaux of Fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had Fire, or else whose Fire is past,
Must judge by Rules what they want Force to Taste

*I wou'd a Poet, like a Mistrefs, try,
Not by her Hair, her Hand, her Nose, her Eye;
But by some Nameless Pow'r, to give me Joy.*

*The Nymph has G——n's, C——l's, C——l's
If with resistless Fires my Soul she warms [Charms
With Balm upon her Lips, and Raptures in her Arms.*

*Such is thy Genius, and such Art is thine,
Some secret Magick works in ev'ry Line;
We judge not, but feel the Pow'r Divine.*

*Where all is Just, is Beauteous, and is Fair,
Distinctions vanish of peculiar Air.*

Lost in our Pleasure, we Enjoy in you

Lucretius, Horace, S——d, M——gue.

*And yet 'tis thought, some Criticks in this Town,
By Rules to all, but to themselves, unknown,
Will Damn thy Verse, and Justifie their own.*

*Why, let them Damn: Were it not wond'rous hard
Facetious M—— and the City-B——*

*So near ally'd in Learning, Wit, and Skill,
Shou'd not have leave to Judge, as well as Kill?
Nay, let them write; Let them their Forces join,
And hope the Motly Piece may rival thine.
Safely despise their Malice, and their Toil,
Which Vulgar Ears alone will reach, and will defile.
Be it thy Gen'rous Pride to please the Best,
Whose Judgment, and whose Friendship is a Test.
With Learned H—— thy healing Cares be join'd,
Search thoughtful R——e to his inmost Mind:
Unite, restore your Arts, and save Mankind.
Whilst all the busie M——ls of the Town
Envy our Health, and pine away their own.
When e'er thou wou'dst a Tempting Muse engage,
Judicious W——h can best direct her Rage.
To S——s, and to D——t too submit,
And let their Stamp Immortalize thy Wit.*

Con-

*Consenting Phœbus bows, if they Approve,
And Ranks thee with the foremost Bards above:
Whilst these of Right the Deathless Laurel send,
Be it my Humble Bus'ness to Commend [Friend.
The faithful, honest Man, and the well-natur'd*

Chr. Codrington.

To

To my Friend, Dr. G—th, the
Author of the *Dispensary*.

TO Praise your Healing Art would be in vain
The Health you give, prevents the Poet's Pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your Renown,
And I but fill the Chorus of the Town.
That let me wave, and only now Admire
The dazzling Rays of your Poetick Fire:
Which its diffusive Virtue does dispense,
In flowing Verse, and elevated Sense.

The Town, which long has swallow'd foolish Verse,
Which Poetafters ev'ry where rehearse;
Will mend their Judgment now, refine their Taste,
And gather up th' Applause they threw in waste.

The

*The Play-House shan't Encourage false, sublime,
Abortive Thoughts, with Decoration-Rhime.*

*The Satyr of Vile Scribblers shall appear
On none, except upon themselves severe:
While yours Contemns the Gall of Vulgar Spight;
And when you seem to Smile the most, you Bite.*

THO. CHEEK.

TO

TO MY
FRIEND,
UPON THE
DISPENSARY.

A*S when the People of the Northern Zone
Find the Approach of the Revolving Sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, They see the new-born Light,
And dread no more Eternity of Night:*

*Thus We, who lately as of Summer's Heat
Have felt a Dearth of Poetry and Wit;
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more
From warmer Climes, to an ungrateful Shore.*

But

*But You, the Fav'rite of the Tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full Lustre shine;
Our Night have chang'd into a Glorious Day;
And reach'd Perfection in your first Essay:
So the young Eagle that his Force would try,
Faces the Sun, and tow'rs it to the Sky.*

*Others proceed to Art by slow Degrees,
Aukward at first, at length they faintly please.
And still whate'er their first Efforts produce,
'Tis an Abortive, or an Infant Muse:
Whilst yours, like Pallas from the Head of Jove,
Steps out full grown, with Noblest Pace to move.
What ancient Poets to their Subject owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it Little, but have made it Great;
They could Describe, but you alone Create.*

Now

*Now let your Muse rise with Expanded Wings,
To sing the Fate of Empires, and of Kings;
Great WILLIAM's Victories she'll next rehearse,
And raise a Trophy of Immortal Verse:
Thus to your Art proportion the Design,
And Mighty Things with Mighty Numbers join,
A Second Namur, or a Future Boyne.*

H. BLOUNT.

THE

